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"DO YOU THINK HE IS MARRIED ?"

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Madam !—you are very pressing,
And I can't decline the task,
With the slightest gift of guessing,
You would hardly need to ask !

Don't you see a hint of marriage
In his sober-sided face ?
In his rather-stooping carriage
And extremely rapid pace ?

If he's not committed treason,
Or some wicked action done,
Can you see the faintest reason
Why a bachelor should run ?

Why should *he* be in a flurry ?
But a loving wife to greet,
Is a circumstance to hurry
The most dignified of feet !

When afar the man has spied her,
If the grateful, happy elf
Does not haste to be beside her,
He must be beside himself !

It is but a trifle, may be—
But observe his practiced tone,
When he calms your stormy baby,
Just as if it were his own !

Do you think a certain meekness
You have mentioned in his looks,
Is a chronic optic weakness
That has come of reading books ?

Did you ever see his vision
Peering underneath a hood,
Save enough for recognition,
As a civil person should !

Could a Capuchin be colder
When he glances, as he must,
At a finely-rounded shoulder,
Or a proudly-swelling bust ?

Madam !—think of every feature,
Then deny it, if you can—
He's a fond, connubial creature,
And a *very* married man !

THE LOST TREASURE;

OR,

THE CHAMPION OF CASTILE.

A TALE OF SPAIN IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE HARPER'S WARNING.

During the rest of the day Sir Enrique was the observed of all observers, and his name was upon every lip. The lords and gentlemen at the palace were generous in their attentions, and the royal guardsmen gazed upon him with admiring looks. But yet the youthful hero was not content. The face of Eleanor de Velasco haunted him all the time;—he saw it as it had appeared when she arose to put the champion's scarf upon his shoulder—so pale, so prayerful, so bereft of all gladness save that of melancholy thanks. When night came he resolved to seek the dwelling of the count, and gain an interview with the maiden if he could. He bade Gomez remain behind, as he wished to be alone in the mission. The faithful esquire made not a word of objection, for he saw that his master was deeply troubled, and he would not attempt to thwart any wish or whim.

It was early in the evening when Enrique left the palace, and as the distance was but short he chose to go on foot. The moon was half way up to the zenith, her silent beams flooding the city with a soft light, and rendering the wider streets almost as plain as in broad day. The knight was not so thoroughly engrossed by his reflections but that he kept an eye to his personal safety, for he wore his sword ready for immediate use, and carefully regarded every suspicious movement he saw. But no one troubled him; and as he wore his hat well down over his brow, with his short cloak pulled up about his chin, those whom he did meet, and who had seen his features in the list, failed to recognize him.

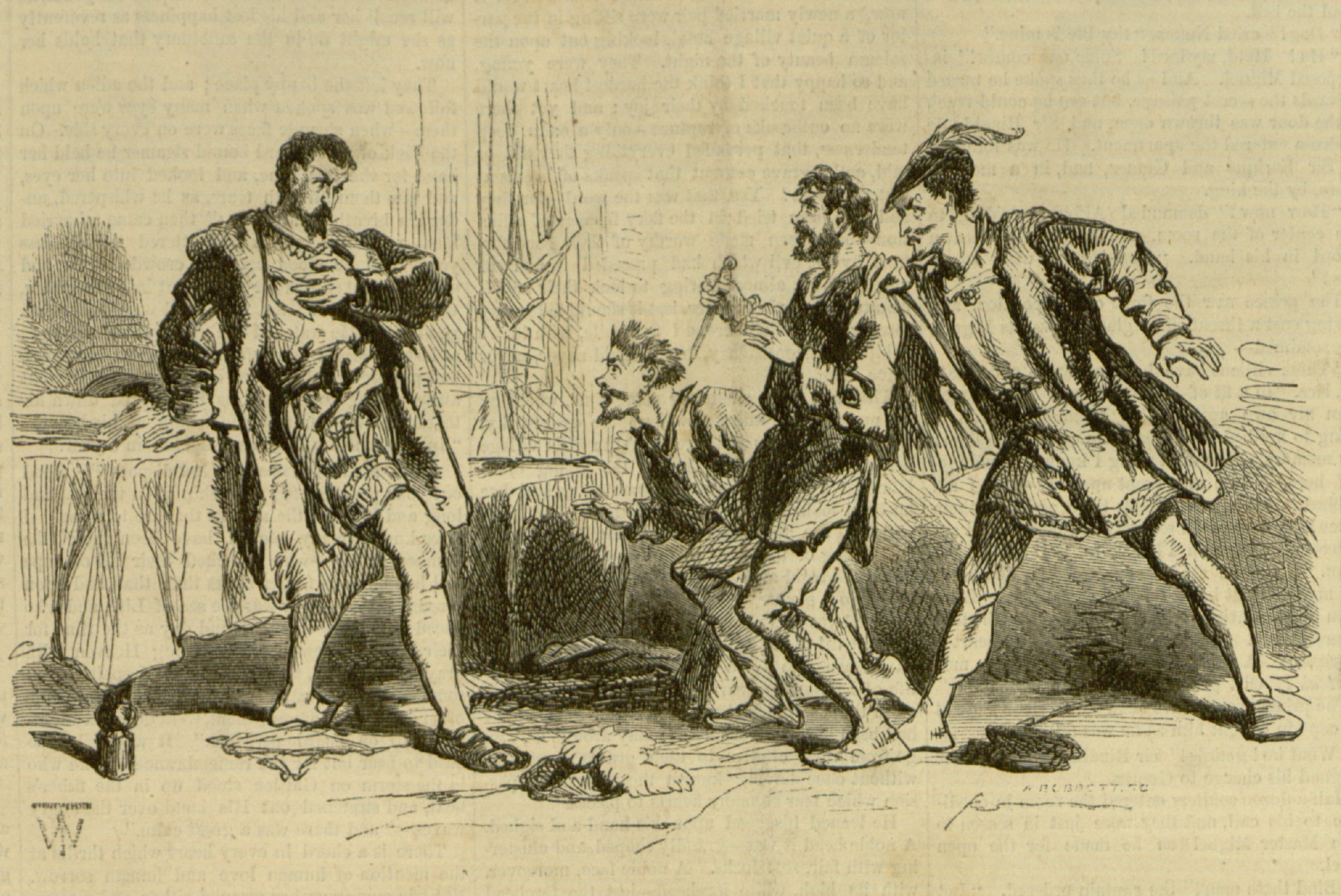
The knight found no difficulty in gaining entrance at the gate of the count's dwelling, but when he had reached the court he was not so sure how he had best proceed. If he saw the father first he much feared that he should not see the daughter. However, a fortunate circumstance relieved him from further trouble on that score. He had walked thoughtfully into the garden, when he was aroused by the sound of voices close at hand. He stopped, and quickly recognized the gentle tones of Eleanor. The other was a female voice, and evidently that of her maid. Enrique listened until he was sure there were only two of them, and then he approached the arbor from whence the sounds came. He called the maiden's name as he came to the entrance, and the sudden hush within told that he had been heard.

"Enrique!" she cried, as he appeared within the arbor. She sprang forward to meet him, and at the same time Blanche quietly slipped out into the open garden.

"Forgive me for this intrusion," said the youth, pressing the fair hand he held in his grasp. "But I could not sleep without seeing you."

"I am glad you have come," the maiden returned. "And I have been made very glad to-day. The people honor you, Enrique."

"I hope so, Eleanor. But what to me is their honor compared with your love? Oh! to feel that thou wert mine for life would be a joy an and honor such as even kings cannot bestow! But, fond one, you looked pale and sad to-day; and at one time I thought you were even faint with some powerful emotion."



MIGUEL MARTELLO DEALS THE FATAL BLOW.

"I was sad at first from fear," replied the maiden, "for I knew not how you might come from the conflict. I had heard the prince tell my father early in the morning that he should surely overthrow you; and so fearful was I of his success that my heart grew heavy and sad. But when you conquered—when the loud shouts arose from the multitude—then a strange joy bounded to life within me, and for the while I gazed upon you with the blissful thought that of all the assembled thousands who gazed upon you I possessed your honest love."

"Bless you, sweet one!" the knight cried raising the fair hand to his lips.

"But," resumed the trembling girl, with increasing emotion, "I soon chanced to cast my eyes towards my father, and the stern, commanding look which I saw upon his face recalled me at once from the dream. I knew its meaning too well. It was just then that you approached, and as I placed the scarf over your shoulder I felt only that I might never——"

"Never what, dearest?"

"Be the bride of him whom I thus adorned," murmured Eleanor, resting her head upon her lover's bosom.

Ere Enrique could give utterance to the question that arose to his lips Blanche came running into the arbor in a state of breathless excitement.

"The count is coming!" she cried.

"Hither?" asked the knight, quickly.

"Yes, good sir. I heard him talking with the porter, and when he turned this way he seemed much excited. But you have time to flee yet."

"No,—I will——"

"You are too late," uttered Blanche; and as she spoke a shadow darkened the moonbeams at the lovers' feet.

Enrique looked up and saw Don John. Eleanor trembled violently, and clung to her lover for support.

"Sir Enrique de Moneva," said the old count, in a stern, cold tone, "I would speak with you in my own house. You may follow me. Eleanor, give me your hand."

He took his daughter by the arm as he spoke, and having cast a quick, searching glance into her face, he left the arbor, Enrique following close behind him. When they reached the house the old man led the youth and the maiden both into the same apartment, and when he had closed the door behind him he bade them be seated.

"Sir Enrique de Moneva," he said, with an immovable look, "there is no need of my recounting to you the circumstances under which you gained admittance beneath my roof. You are now Champion of Castile, and as such I give you all praise, and sincerely hope for your prosperity; but to maintain your honor you will find it necessary to observe, with some degree of propriety, the rights of those whom fortune has placed above you. My daughter, sir, is the affianced bride of Don Nunez de Castaneda. The day has been fixed for the nuptials, and they will take place without fail. She thus mates with one whose rank will shed luster upon our house, and forms a union commensurate with her own deserts. I think I need say no more. You surely understand my meaning."

"Yes, sir," returned the knight, proudly,—for the allusion to the rank of the foul prince, and its implied contrast with his own humble station, had touched him to the quick. "I understand you very well. But——"

"No more, sir," commanded the count. "The plan of years cannot be cast away now. You understand me, and that is enough. I have only to wish you a very good evening."

The stern old man raised his daughter from her seat as he spoke, and turned towards the door; and ere Enrique could speak they had passed from his sight. He saw the tears upon Eleanor's fair cheek, and he heard the deep sob that broke from her lips.

"Oh!" he cried, as the door closed upon the retiring forms, "why did I spare the prince! I had his life in my hands—my lance might as well have pierced his throat as to have carried away his helm. 'Twas but a freak of my own will that saved him. And yet," he added, in a more thoughtful tone, "I would not have his blood upon my hands. Oh! Eleanor! Eleanor! must we part thus, and forever!"

He stopped a moment, as if to listen to the echo of his own voice, and then left the room and the house. The porter gave him egress without speaking, and when he gained the street he hurried on, little heeding now the looks or movements of those whom he met. His soul was wrought upon by a painful agony, and his heart had sunk far below the reach of hope. Eleanor was affianced!—the day had been set! Where, then, was hope for him? Even the king could not thwart the will of the powerful count in such a cause.

When Don John left our hero he conducted his child to her own chamber. He was very calm, but his calmness was like ice, and his very look freezing.

"Eleanor," he said, "look at me."

The poor girl removed her hands from her face, and gazed up. She was pale and frightened, and trembled like an aspen.

"To-morrow you wed with the prince!"

"Mercy!" shrieked the stricken one, sinking upon her knees, and clasping her hands towards her father.

"Are you crazy? Arise and keep your seat. There—now listen:"

When the count had lifted the maiden to her seat he resumed,—

"I have seen Don Nunez this evening, and he is not dangerously hurt. He is anxious for the nuptials to be consummated at once, as he wishes to install the mistress of the Royal palace at as early a day as possible. For ten long years this alliance has been determined upon, and never a thought have you had against it until now. At this hour to-morrow you will be the Princess de Castaneda! And," added the old man, while a brighter light shone in his eye, and an eager tremor was perceptible in his frame, "it may not be many years ere you will be Queen of Castile!"

Eleanor read now her father's ambitious hope.

"And must this be?" she groaned, in agony. "Must I be doomed, in my morn of life, to this sad fate? Oh! spare me! spare me!"

"To-morrow!" pronounced the father; and, without waiting to hear more, he strode from the apartment.

Half an hour later Blanche found her mistress upon the bed, sobbing as though her heart would break.

It was past eleven when Enrique reached the palace, and as he did not feel in the mood for company, he proceeded at once to his own chamber, simply sending word to the king that he could be found there. Gomez was waiting for his master, but the latter noticed him not. He heaved a deep sigh as he sank into a chair, and then bowed his head upon his hand. A dead silence ensued, which the anxious esquire at length concluded to break.

"Have you had ill-luck, my master?" he asked, feelingly.

The knight raised his head, and returned the gaze of his follower. Gomez had never before seen such agony upon those noble features. Even when Fernandez died, they were relieved by a glow of faith and hope, but now they had no relief at all.

"My brightest sun is set, Gomez!" the youth said, in a melancholy tone.

"But suns always rise again, you know," the man suggested.

"Ah—mine is set in eternal night!"

"There isn't any such thing as eternal night, my master. I don't believe any such thing."

"You don't know of what you speak, Gomez. You never loved as I have loved, and then had that love sent burning back upon your heart, until the fire seemed ready to burn you up. I have no more hope in Burgos. I shall leave it when——"

"When what, master?"

"When Eleanor de Velasco becomes—a princess!"

"I don't believe it," said the esquire, decisively.

"I am resolved,"

"But I say, you don't know how you may feel when that time arrives."

"Sir— Gomez, you may offend me. If you question the permanence of my love, you much mistake me."

"Pardon, master. I meant no offense."

"I am not offended, only say no more."

As the knight thus spoke, he drew his chair up to the low table upon which the lamp stood, and drew from his bosom a book which old Fernandez had left him. It was a volume of chronicles—of chivalry and love, and of doughty deeds—written upon the finest of vellum by some of the Benedictine monks of Arragon. Over this quaint volume Enrique sat till the bell upon the castle tower struck the hour of midnight. He was just in the act of rising, when some one knocked at his door. The sound started Gomez out of a deep sleep, and as soon as he could collect his scattered senses, he answered the summons. It was one of the messengers from the court-yard.

"Sir knight," he said, as he advanced into the room, "there is an old harper at the gate who is clamorous in his demands to speak with you. His name is Jinchillo. Sir Rinaldo bade me see you, and inform you that the man should be admitted at your request."

"Let him come up at once," returned Enrique, "for I would see him." And then, turning to Gomez, he added, after the messenger had gone—

"He may bring me some light."

"His mission must be an important one, or he would not be here at this time," responded Gomez.

"We'll see."

Ere long the messenger returned, followed oy the little old harper, who came in and remained standing in the middle of the room.

"What now, my good Jinchillo?" asked Enrique, arising and taking his visitor by the hand. "Sit down, and then talk."

"No. I cannot stop to sit," the old man replied. "Time is too precious for that." He cast his eyes about the apartment, and then added, in an earnest, eager tone—"I have come to get you to go with me a short distance, Sir Enrique. You shall not be detained long."

"But whither?—and for what?" asked the knight, with some surprise at this curious request.

"You shall see when we reach our destination," the harper answered. "If you go with me, I swear you shall not repent it. It is of importance, or I would not be here at such a time."

"But you can tell me what is wanted of me."

"Not here, sir knight. Come with me. By the holy Apostles I swear, you shall thank me for it. When we stop, you shall hear a curious story. You should trust me."

Enrique turned an inquiring look upon Gomez.

"Go, my master," the man said. "My word for it, he means you well."

The youth was just in the mood for something to distract his mind from the gloomy train it had taken, so he resolved to follow the old harper. He had the utmost confidence in the odd little fellow, and with his present feelings he cared not to question him further.

"Gomez must go," he said.

"Of course. I want both of you."

"Then lead the way."

The knight threw his book upon the table, and having put on his hat and cloak, he followed Jinchillo from the room. At the guard-room he stopped and obtained a pass from the captain, and then left the palace.

Jinchillo led the way direct into the city, and kept on for nearly an hour. The knight asked him several times how much further he was going, but the only answer was, "Not far." At length, however, the guide stopped before a little inn, near the gate of Santa Maria, which he entered without knocking. The host—an old, white-haired man—was in the tap-room, and as the trio entered, he conducted them to an upper chamber.

"Now," demanded Enrique, after they were alone, "what is the secret of this journey?"

"Sit down, and I will tell you," returned the harper, at the same time securing a seat for himself.

"I am down. Now go on."

"You mustn't be offended, Sir Enrique, at the liberty I have taken," commenced Jinchillo, apologetically, "for I knew your natural impulsiveness under the infliction of wrong, and I wanted you here, where we could talk coolly. Now listen, and you shall hear: Last night—or, rather, on the evening before last, for it is morning now—I was at the inn of Miguel Martello, near the prison of Almanzor. This Miguel was once a notorious brigand of the Sierras upon our southern borders, and I am very sure that the prince Nunez brought him to Burgos for his own base purposes. At all events, the brigand-host is a villain, and a most crafty one. On the evening of which I speak Don Nunez was there, and I overheard a long conversation between them. The prince said he was to meet you in the lists on the following day, and he hoped to kill you; but if he did not, then Miguel, with two assistants, was to do it for him."

"How? More plans for my death!" cried the knight, clenching his fists.

"Aye—and deeply laid, too," continued the harper. "If you survived the trial of arms, you were to be murdered in your chamber this very night! Stop. Let me say my say. By some secret means the prince is able to gain access to the apartment you occupy, and he was to lead the assassins thither. How it was to be done I could not fully understand; but I know that at two hours after midnight the dagger was to find your heart!"

"To-night!" exclaimed Enrique, starting to his feet. "At two hours after midnight? Fool! why did you bring me hither? Why did you not tell me there, and thus give me opportunity to arrest the villains?"

"Softly, good sir," plead Jinchillo. "Had I known exactly how the blow was to be struck, or what the full arrangements were, I might have told you there; but, as I said before, I knew your high spirit, and I feared you might run your head into the trap without knowing it. They are three wily villains who were to do the work, and I thought you safer here."

"Oh! why had I not known it there?" cried the knight, eagerly. "You should have known better!"

"Don't blame him, master," urged Gomez. "His first and greatest desire was to save your life, and he has done it in his own way. He knew you would be safe here, but he was not sure——"

"Never mind," interrupted Enrique, impatiently; "I do not blame him. No—I bless you, Jinchillo. But we must to the palace at once. It cannot be two hours past midnight yet. We may reach there in time to secure the assassins. I will see the king if he be up, and if not, then the captain of the guard shall wait upon me. By Heaven! the villains shall be secured if possible. What say you, Gomez?"

"Why not remain here, my master, and let Jinchillo go to the palace?"

"Just my intention," interposed the harper. "That was what I meant—to see you safe, and then return and arouse the captain of the guard to work."

"While I play the hidden coward in a taproom!" uttered Enrique, contemptuously. "No! Come on. The champion of Castile fears not the assasin's dagger, if he have note of its coming! To the palace, now. By San Jago, but we must hasten, for I would see the men who love me so well!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BLOW HAS FALLEN.

In the guard-room of the palace, upon a shelf formed on purpose for it, and shielded from the wind, stood a waxen taper fixed upon a dial-shaped bell. At equal distances upon this taper were secured a number of small brass balls, held in their places by bits of thread which were molded into the wax. The taper was just long enough to burn twelve hours, and there were four-and-twenty balls suspended from its side, one of which was reached by the flame, and that set free, every half-hour. As the ball fell it produced a sharp ring upon the broad bell plate, and the tinkling sound told to the night-watch that their time of duty was passing.

"Hasn't that ball fallen yet?" asked a sleepy guardsman, putting his head in at the door.

Tink—tinkle—tink! went the tiny sphere, as it fell and rebounded upon the bell.

"There it is! Two hours past midnight! Strike the alarm, and call our relief!"

The man at the door, now wakeful enough, hurried away, and in a few moments more the great bell upon the tower struck for two o'clock.

In the chamber occupied by Enrique de Moneva all was still and quiet. The lamp still burned upon the table, and the open book lay by its side, for the knight, not knowing how long he might be gone, had failed to extinguish his light. The deep tones of the tower bell broke upon the stillness of the place, and by the time the clanging notes had died away, there came a slight noise—almost imperceptible—from the wainscotting opposite the bed, and presently one of the oaken panels was slid away from its place. A human face peered into the chamber from the dark passage, and soon Miguel Martello emerged from the mystic gloom.

His shoes were off, so his feet fell noiselessly upon the soft carpet. He was followed by two stout fellows, who, if they lacked their leader's wit and cunning, surely made up for it in native ferocity.

"He is not here," whispered Miguel, after he had gazed into all parts of the room.

"May he not be in there?" suggested Francisco, pointing to the open way that led to the apartment where Gomez slept.

The publican glided to the door, but he found no one within.

"They cannot mean to be gone long, or this lamp would not have been left burning," said Bernardo, as he thrust his dagger back into its sheath.

"You are right," rejoined Miguel. "We will go back and wait. We may safely leave a crack open, and then we can see when any one comes in."

Accordingly the three assassins retreated to the secret passage, and the panel was moved back to its place, or so nearly back that the chink left open was imperceptible from the outside. Miguel watched until he was tired, and then one of the others assumed the post.

* * * * * *

Nunez de Castaneda had been brought to the palace in an insensible state, but his physician soon discovered that nothing serious had happened of a physical nature. The lance of his opponent had not touched his flesh, having caught him beneath the side of the helmet and borne him from his saddle ere the fastenings broke. It was the fall that had stunned him; and within an hour after he had been placed upon his bed he came to his senses.

"Where am I?" was his first question.

"In the palace," returned the physician. "Do you not remember how you fell?"

The prince gazed about the room, and then reclosed his eyes. When he opened them again he seemed wholly recovered from the shock he had received, so far as his intellect and memory were concerned.

"I was overcome," he said, biting his lip.

"By an accident, yes," answered the physician, obsequiously.

"No—it was no accident," said Nunez, with seeming frankness. "Sir Enrique bore me down fairly, and I hope he may long honor the laurels he has won. I resign them cheerfully."

"It is like you, my lord."

"Very like me," muttered the prince, as he lay back upon his pillow.

Nothing more was said upon the subject, and when the physician was assured that his patient was safe he left the apartment, the attendant, Orlando, being left alone with his master.

Night came, and Nunez watched the passing of time with feverish anxiety. He had arisen from his bed, and though he was quite sore and lame, yet he could walk without much difficulty. At midnight he bade Orlando to retire.

"Go to bed," he said. "I shall be up for some time yet, as I have no inclination to sleep."

The attendant was willing enough to obey this order, and in a very short time after he had retired his senses were locked in slumber.

The prince paced to and fro with a limping gait, until the half-hour was struck. Then he sat down, and finally he threw himself upon his bed. He heard the stroke of one—of the half-hour after—of two—and of half-past two.

"Two hours and a half past midnight!" he said to himself, as he started up. "The deed must have been done by this time, for Miguel is not apt to be behindhand. But I must see for myself. I cannot sleep until I know. I wish I had told the rascal to meet me there in half an hour after the blow was struck. But I can tell if it be done. No one will see me on my way thither."

The chamber occupied by the prince was on the floor below that in which Enrique de Moneva had been quartered, and had been formerly one of the royal apartments. It was connected with the upper rooms by private passages into which the guards never entered, but which were well known to Nunez. He threw a light cloak over his shoulders—a common walking cloak—and having donned his hat, he left the room by a small door, which, when closed, seemed only one of the solid panels of the wall. It was only along a narrow pass—up a flight of stairs—through a dark corridor—then out by the way of another secret door—and the prince stood close by the door of Enrique's chamber, having emerged into the long center passage. He placed his ear to the keyhole and listened attentively, but he heard no sound from within. Presently he pushed the door gently open, and glided into the chamber with a noiseless tread.

"Empty!" he whispered to himself, as he gazed around. "Then the work must have been done."

The lamp still burned upon the table, and by the dim light thus afforded Nunez examined the carpet.

"No blood has been spilt," he soliloquised. "They've done it well. I' faith, it must have been done, for my man saw the knight enter here, and kept the watch till midnight. Of course he left not after that except my villains helped him. Ah, here's a sure mark! They've been here! 'Tis done! By the saints, Sir Enrique, your laurels could not save your life! They have withered marvelously quick. Thank heaven I am well rid of you! I shall sleep now.

"And he was reading, too. Perhaps reading at the very moment the blow came. I hope in mercy he was reading of a pleasant theme, for then he must have died happily. What book could have kept the doughty youth from his bed, I wonder?"

While speaking thus the prince had seated himself at the table, partly from soreness and fatigue, and partly from curiosity, as he took up the open book which lay there and glanced at its pages.

"Aha—a story of love, as I live," he said, in a low, chuckling tone.—He dared not let his voice reach too far. "Of love and of chivalry," he continued, as he glanced his eye along the page. "He must have been thinking of the lady Eleanor. Ah—here's some account of that iron knight, Bernardo. Santiago! but that was a noble stroke! Ha, ha—the Moor gives way! he fails—he falls!"

And so the prince read on. He became interested in an account of a terrific conflict between Bernardo, king of Asturias and Leon, and the Moorish monarch, Abderahman Ben Moawyah. He muttered to himself as he read, and heard not the slight sound behind him. Shoeless feet were pressing the carpet, but he knew nothing of it. Hearts as hard as his own were beating close to his chair, and yet he only knew that the royal Moor was losing his battle. An arm was raised above his head, but the only blow he thought of was the death-blow which the Christian king had finally dealt upon the Moslem.

"By Santa Maria!" he ejaculated, "'twas a terrible blow."

"Aye—*and here's another!*" growled a voice at his back.

He would have turned, but at that instant a thick cloak was thrown over his head—the glittering blade of Miguel Martello gleamed above his left shoulder, and in the next instant the lithe steel was buried deep in his bosom!

"Out with him!" whispered the publican. "Into the passage—quick—while I strike the esquire!"

With all his startled energy the prince flung the assassins from him, and then tore the cloak from his head.

"Death and perdition!" exclaimed Miguel, starting back in terror.

"*The Prince!*" gasped Francisco, sinking upon his knees.

"Villains!" cried Don Nunez, "would ye murder me?—Speak! What mean ye? Dogs! devils! Speak!"

"Mercy, good prince!" begged the publican, extending his hands towards the stricken man. "I meant that blow for your enemy. I thought 'twas Sir Enrique. We came here at the appointed time, and found the room empty; so we withdrew to the passage, to watch for the coming of the knight. Bernardo was on the watch, and he whispered to us that our man had come."

"And could not the knave tell me from the other?"

"He could not see very plainly, my lord."

"Then, by the gods! he never sees again," shouted the prince, at the same time drawing his sword, and leaping towards the unfortunate watcher.

"Mercy! mercy!" yelled Bernardo, fleeing behind the bed.

"Dog!" cried Nunez, "thy life is mine."

"Ha! Hold, my lord! Some one comes!" interposed Miguel. And as he thus spoke he turned towards the secret passage, but ere he could reach it the door was thrown open, and Sir Rinaldo de Pedrosa entered the apartment. He was followed by Sir Enrique and Gomez, and, in a moment more, by the king.

"How now?" demanded Alfonso, striding to the center of the room, and holding his drawn sword in his hand. "Don Nunez, what means this?"

The prince saw the force of his position, and having cast a threatening glance towards Miguel, he exclaimed—

"These villians have been set on to assassinate me, sire. In a fit of insanity I must have strayed from my own apartments. I remember well of going to my bed, and then a dark pall comes over my memory. The next thing I knew, I found myself here. These men crept upon me—and I am stabbed in the bosom! Seize them, and bear them hence! Let them be securely confined until I am recovered, and then I'll torture the truth from them. Let them see no one, sire! By the hosts, but my life must be—sire, do you hear me?—Lock them up!—Santiago! I faint! Alfonso—Oh! that accursed steel. Why cannot I bleed! My heart is oppressed! A flood of fire surges within me! *Air! air!* Oh! give me air!"

The prince would have sunk to the floor had not the captain caught him as he was falling.

"What ho! guards!" Sir Rinaldo shouted, as he resigned his charge to Gomez.

Half-a-dozen soldiers entered the room in obedience to his call, and they were just in season to seize Master Miguel as he made for the open panel.

"Bind these men!" the captain ordered. "Let them be secure."

The assassins made no resistance, and when they were bound the king turned his gaze upon the dark-visaged publican.

"You are the host of the inn near the prison?" he said.

"Yes, sire."

"And why are ye here?"

Miguel pondered ere he answered this question, for he had several things to think of. He cast a quick glance upon the form of the prince, and he felt sure that his poniard had done its work. It had not touched the heart as he had meant, but it had been buried deep in the bosom, and he knew life must leak away through the wound. Hence he had little fear of vengeance from that quarter.

"Sire," he replied, at length, "it may profit you to know what I know. Give me promise of my life, and I'll tell thee all."

"Thy life, dog!" uttered Alfonso, instinctively raising his sword. "By our Lady, thou hast lived long enough. Wilt thou not confess save upon that condition?"

"Never!" answered Miguel, firmly.

"Then we'll try another condition. Miserable dog! I know thy secret even now! Had I not known it why should we thus appear upon the scene of your bloody work? But mark me:—Thine own lips shall speak it!"

"Never!" was the dogged response.

"We'll see! Bear them to the court-chamber. Come, gentlemen—we'll not sleep till we have this evidence complete. Go you before with the prisoners, and I'll follow. Don Enrique, remain you behind,—and you—and you."

As the king spoke he beckoned for two of the guards to stop, and when the rest had passed out he resumed,—

"I fear the work is done too well. But, sir knight—at what hour left you this place?"

"It was past midnight, sire."

"And the assassins were to come—when?"

"At two."

"And not finding you here they must have laid in wait for your coming," said Alfonso, half to himself. "The prince must needs know how the work progressed, and so came to see. But why they should have struck him I do not comprehend."

"Perhaps they quarreled, sire. This Martello is a reckless, hardened villain."

"We shall see," responded the king. And then turning to the two soldiers he bade them lift the body of the prince and follow him.

When Nunez had been placed upon his own bed, the physician, Espinar, was sent for. He came as quickly as possible, and the clothing was at once removed from the wounded man's shoulders.

"There is no wound," said Alfonso. "This must be the effect of some injury received in the list."

"Look there, sire," returned the physician, placing his finger upon a point near the left nipple.

The king looked, and saw a small, livid spot, not larger than a pomegranate seed, which looked like the sting of a scorpion or asp. A single drop of blood had issued forth, but the clothing had drunk it up.

"He is bleeding within," the doctor said.

"But is he dead?"

"No—his heart beats."

"It must have been a small weapon that penetrated there," mused the monarch, again examining the wound.

"I think I have it here," interposed Gomez advancing from where he had been standing. "I found it upon the floor in my master's room."

The king took the poniard and looked upon it. He felt the needle-like point, and then bent the blade between his two thumbs.

"Look," he said, handing it to Espinar.

"That is the weapon," the latter returned, as he gazed upon the slim tri-cornered steel. "And see," he added, holding it to the light,—"see where the bright steel is dimmed. It must have penetrated nearly the whole length! Ah!—you have lost your brother, sire!"

At this moment Don Nunez opened his eyes, and a convulsive tremor shook his frame.

"Watch by him," whispered the king. "Bring him back to life if you can. But, oh! I would not hear him speak now. I could not bear it!—Come, Sir Enrique!"

Alfonso moved towards the door, but a death-like gasp from the dying man arrested him.

"It is nothing," said the physician.

"Just Heaven! and this is my own brother!" burst from the monarch's lips, as he passed from the chamber. "But," he added, in a calmer tone, "God's hand is in this work!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE FIFTH OF AUGUST.

BY PAULINA ELLESMERE.

On the evening of the fifth of August (no matter in what year, or in what country, so it was very far away, and quite out of the reach of any one who should be foolish enough to search for it now,) a newly married pair were sitting in the parlor of a quiet village hotel, looking out upon the solemn beauty of the night. They were young, and so happy that I think the hardest heart would have been touched by their joy; and yet there were no outbreaks of rapture—only a calm, deep tenderness, that pervaded everything they did or said, and a grave content that speaks of hearts at rest. At rest? Yes, that was the word—for they had both been tried in the fiery furnace of affliction—both been made worthy of their good fortune by the evil which had preceded it, and sat quietly down, almost fearing to look their happiness too closely in the face, lest it should fade away forever, yet feeling sure, all the while, with love's delightful inconsistency, that it could never, never leave them.

They had been silent for some time, watching the moon as she sailed slowly up the eastern sky, and lit the squares and streets of the little village beneath their window. At last the young bride hummed a strain of a well-known song, and her husband looked around and smiled.

"You are thinking, and so am I," he said. "Thinking of the night when we sat together and heard the band at —— play that very song. How long ago it seems."

"And yet it is not quite a month, Charles."

"Not till the nineteenth. But you and I, Mary, have learned to live a life in a day, as it were—a life of happiness or sorrow, as the case may be. I often think it would have been better for us if we had been born to feel like so many around us, who go from their cradles to their graves it may be, without once having known those storms of passion which tear so many hearts to pieces."

He leaned his head upon his hand and sighed. A noble head it was—grandly shaped, and clustering with fair, soft locks. A noble face, moreover, with its high, white forehead—just the forehead from which a woman would brush away those curls, that she might lay her lips upon it—with its deep blue eyes, and proud yet smiling mouth. One would not wonder that the young wife looked upon it, with her whole heart in her eyes—for it was a face which might be trusted as well as loved, and that is more than all. She came nearer to him when he sighed, and standing beside his chair, kissed the fair locks that fell over his hand.

"You must not be sad to-night, my darling," she said, with that cadence of tenderness in her tone which never comes except for *one*. "If you had your wish, and we were the clods you have been describing, should we *feel* the joy of this night as we do?"

"No, no."

He drew her to his knee, and folding his arms closely around her, kissed her passionately, and hid his face in her bosom.

"It seems so strange," she said, with a dreamy sort of smile. "It is like fairy land; I am afraid it will not last."

"Why should it not? This is the first time we have been able to meet in peace, I know, but, thank God, it will not be the last. You are *my* wife now, Mary, not *his*."

She shuddered and drew nearer to him.

"Poor child! can the mere thought of him terrify you so? Do not fear him now—he cannot harm you any more."

"No—it is not that!" she said, lifting her head proudly. "I never was afraid yet of any human being."

"Why do you turn so pale then, if I happen to mention him before you?"

"I can hardly tell. It is an ugly feeling that comes over me. When I married him I was, as you know, a mere child—not quite seventeen, while he was more than sixty. Since I left him he has been my evil genius—indeed he was that from the first. He nearly wrecked my life—he spoiled my happiness for six long years. And even now I cannot put the feeling away that I have not done with him. The Egyptians used to keep a skeleton at their feasts, you know, and Mortimer Livingston is the unbidden one at mine."

"It is a morbid fancy, my child. The laws of our country have pronounced you free, and he himself has another wife, and will hardly trouble himself about you now. What more would you have?"

"Oh, much more, if I might. We are here together, Charles, and the world can never part us any more; but I wish, with all my heart, that it was in my power to proclaim the marriage now to all who know me—to make sure of my happiness before he snatches it away from me."

"Why Mary, bonnie Mary—what a coward you are growing. The time will come when all will see us as we now see each other—man and wife. Till then we can wait, and be happy."

"And—and our separation, Charles?"

The deep blue eyes filled with tears, and could not look at her very steadily.

"We will not speak of that—we must not, if we wish to enjoy our present happiness. We have two whole days before us. We will not speak of—of what must come till the morning of the third."

She kissed him, and, leaning her head upon his shoulder, listened quietly while he talked of the happy days that were to come after the year had passed which yawned between them in their future—a black and dreary chasm. It was well for them both that the eyes of faith are always strong enough to descry the smallest objects upon the most distant shore.

Two days! It was but a short time to snatch from the cares which beset them on every side, and the hours glided away so quickly that they woke with a start on the third morning to know that the day which was to see them part for so long a while had dawned. Their marriage had been a private one, and would not be acknowledged for a year—when the young artist would go to Europe and bring back his bride. There were family reasons for this step, and their brief honeymoon had been snatched amid the hurry and bustle of her departure for England. She was to sail on the eighth, and it was the morning of the seventh. One year from that day was to see their marriage acknowledged, and a second honeymoon spent in that same tranquil spot. So they said to each other as, with one fond look at the simple rooms which had been their first home, together they went down to the carriage which was waiting to take them to the railroad station.

Their real farewell had been spoken in those rooms. It was there that each had hung around the other's neck a little golden locket containing a miniature and locks of fair and dark brown hair, braided in a true lover's knot. It was there that those tears had been shed, and those solemn words uttered which must live in the memory of each till the judgment day; it was there that the tenderness, the truth, and sincerity of two hearts had been shown in the sight of God and His angels—I cannot think the spectacle was sinful in His eyes at the time, for Heaven itself is made up of those three virtues—Faith, Hope, and Charity, and they were all exercised there. They made the plain little room a sacred temple, and if he—who alone can do so now—should ever enter it again, and remember who stood there with him in his youth, he will recall her and his lost happiness as reverently as she might do in the sanctuary that holds her now.

They left the happy place; and the adieu which followed was spoken when many eyes were upon them—when strange faces were on every side. On the deck of an outward bound steamer he held her hand for the last time, and looked into her eyes, and saw them fill with tears, as he whispered, under his breath—"My wife;" then came a hurried kiss—a broken sob—a half uttered "God bless you!" and he stood upon the crowded dock, and saw the great ship move slowly out into the harbor, while *she* stood at the stern, and waved her last good-bye. He watched the vessel down the bay; at last the slight figure faded and grew indistinct, and pulling his hat down over his eyes, he went away, saying to himself, as he choked down his tears and tried to still the aching at his heart—"In a year she will be back again—in a year."

Ah—"Man proposes but God disposes!" Send out your prayers after that ship upon the sea, and long and look for the months that are to come! I have known many—nay, I have been one of the number myself—who launched their all of hope and happiness in frailer barks than that, and upon a rougher sea—for it was the sea of Life, and who paced the shore by night and day as the time for their return drew near, wearying Heaven with prayers, and tears, and cries of wild despair. And some of the fleet came sailing back again, while others, and mine among them, went down at night, and "all on board perished." It would be too hard to bear but for the remembrance of One who in the storm on Galilee stood up in the fisher's boat, and stretched out His hand over the angry waves—"and there was a great calm."

There is a chord in every heart which thrills at the mention of human love and human sorrow. Not one among us has escaped either, and a memory of the old days comes up sometimes, and keeps a green spot in the most desert waste of life, where our eyes can rest, and moisten with tears that leave us better and kinder for having shed them. But there are some souls consecrated to suffering from the first moment of existence, and not unfrequently they are the ones most richly gifted and most brightly dowered with a perpetual sunshine that makes the murkiest day or season a paradise of light. They are dear to the heart of our Lord and Master, when they let that sunshine play about a path which He, for a wise purpose, has strewn with thorns; and when they bear their cross after Him meekly and silently, and overlay the aching at their hearts with gentle smiles for all around them, He yearns over them, and draws them lovingly towards Him—the chosen ones, who, in the fair pastures of a better country, are to "follow the lamb whithersoever he goeth." We know, or ought to know, that the only road to Heaven is that which leads up over the top of Calvary—saints have called it—"The royal road of the Cross," and I believe that those chosen souls who, though borne down to earth by the weight of their own burden, yet find strength to uphold that of others, are the fairest things our Lord can see upon this great highway.

"But what has this to do with those happy lovers you have shown to us?" I hear you ask. I will tell you. It is the evening of the twenty-fourth of May, and the young wife is standing in the porch of her English home, with a Bible in her hand. Roses are blossoming in the lattice-work that shelters her; lime-trees perfume the air; the garden is gay with lilies, and violets, and fuchsias; but she does not look at them. Her eyes are fixed upon the book, which she took up carelessly but a moment ago, and she is very pale as she reads these words:

"The wife is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth; but if her husband be dead, she is at liberty to be married to whom she will; only in the Lord."

What—what is this that she had done? She recalls the solemn vows of her first marriage, and the words—"What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Man had not heeded those words, but *had* put them asunder, and in the eyes of the world all was well. But what in the eyes of God was that second bridal, which had seemed so sacred to her? What must she do? Oh! must she give up him who loved her so? She turned the leaves of the Bible carelessly—she knew little of the beauty of its sacred words, and turned paler still as she read the saying of the Master himself that condemned her. And then followed the sweet promise:

"There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred fold, now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life."

She put the book down, and stood looking steadily out into the twilight. The Angelus bell tolled in a convent near at hand, and the hot tears sprang suddenly to her eyes, and she bowed down her head and groaned out—

"Oh, Father in Heaven, help me, or I shall die!"

She threw a mantle over her head, and stole out through the garden to the private gate of the convent. She had often been there before, and the portress admitted her without a word, and only smiled and murmured a prayer to the Virgin as she saw her hurry along towards the little chapel which stood in the grounds. She pushed the door open and entered the chapel, knelt down before the Virgin's shrine, and poured out her heart in a wild supplication for strength to meet the trial before her. The stillness soothed her—her sobs grew fainter and fainter, and at last ceased. She lay at the altar's foot, with her face buried in her hands, and felt in her heart that God was indeed with her. It was not much—oh, it was not much to give up that sinful love, if by so doing she could win for herself, and perhaps for him, by her prayers a place in Heaven! And as the thought crossed her mind the sound of voices chanting came nearer and nearer through the arched passages of the convent—the door opened, and the nuns entered, two by two, and sang their grace in the chapel. When they had gone again—when their voices could scarcely be heard in the distance, a strange and sudden desire seized upon her, and hurrying after them, she begged to see the superior of the house. She came—a grave, handsome nun, of more than middle age, whose face, calm as it was, revealed that she had worn the cross upon her heart long, long before it sparkled outwardly upon her breast; and Mary knelt, and kissed her hand, as the familiar "Benedicite." was given.

"What is it, my daughter?"

"Reverend mother, let me be a nun like—like those good sisters. I am wretched and unhappy; there is no peace on earth for me, unless I find it here."

The superior smiled sadly.

"Peace is waiting for us in Heaven, I think, my child," she said, with a slight foreign accent. But she raised her from the floor, and talked to her long and earnestly. What was said between the two was never known; but on the fifth of August the young wife was domesticated beneath the roof of the Franciscan convent, and had given up the world forever. Within the year her husband, whom she had called her "evil genius," died. She was free then, but the sacrifice had been made, both by her and him who had loved her, and she would not retract it. She entered upon her novitiate, and when the term of probation had expired, all traces of the gay creature who had loved the world so well were lost in the pale and gentle nun, who, under the name of "Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart," took cheerfully the least and lowest place in the community to which she belonged.

When this story of my countrywoman was told to me by one of the lay sisters of the very convent where she lived and died, (your lay sister is almost invariably a sad gossip) I asked especially if she was happy in the cloister, or if, as the romance and excitement of the thing died away, she pined for the liberty she had given up. But I got the answer that she only seemed to love the place better and better day by day. She was always ready for the hospital and the infirmary, and never wearied of nursing the sick. Naturally haughty and impetuous, she became the meekest and gentlest of the whole sisterhood. But she was never well, the sister added with a sigh.

"How long ago did she die?" I asked.

"It was—let me see," and she began to reckon upon her fingers. "It was four years ago—it would be five in August. She remembered it perfectly, on account of something that had happened at the time."

"And that was what?"

"Every sister who dies is taken into the chapel, and lies in state, dressed in the garments she wore when she took her vows, for two days. The chapel grounds open on the public street, and on the evening after Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart died, the portress opened the door to a stranger—a gentleman wrapped in a cloak—who asked to be allowed to look one moment at the corpse. The portress was dreadfully scandalized, but he slipped three gold pieces into her hand, and throwing back his cloak, showed that he wore the dress of a priest. He had the tonsure, too, as she saw when he took off his hat in the chapel. Well, this made a great difference, as you will see."

"Yes—go on."

"The portress took the gold, and while the sisters were at dinner, she led the priest across the yard, and into the chapel. She dared not stay away from her post long (indeed, she lost her situation and got into sad disgrace through letting him in at all, contrary to orders), but she waited a moment at the open door to see what he would do. The bier stood before the altar, with great wax tapers burning around it, and Sister Mary, dressed in white, with a wreath of flowers around her vail, and a crucifix clasped in her hands upon her breast, lay there, looking as if she was sleeping. The priest went up and looked at her very steadily, and then he gave a kind of groan, and sank down upon his knees beside the bier. The portress went away—she understood it all then—and going back in a quarter of an hour, to get him away before the nuns came in, she found him reading the Litany for the Dead, and calm and quiet enough. She got him away without any trouble, but he left his breviary behind him, and that and the name written in it were quite enough for the Mother Superior. The portress was sent away the very next day."

"What was the name?"

"Charles Estabrooke. And I was told afterwards—for all this happened long before I came here—that they had known each other in the world, and had loved each other very much. When they parted and she became a nun, he studied for the priesthood, and never saw her again till that night. But I think they will be happy in Heaven," said the good sister, wiping her eyes. "Quite happy enough to make up for all they suffered here, I am very sure."

"And the day on which the priest——"

"Father Estabrooke."

"Yes. The day on which he came—what was it?"

"The fifth of August, 18—."

"And is he living still?"

"Yes—he is in Rome. Would you like to see Sister Mary's grave? I think I could get permission of the reverend mother."

"By all means."

She ran away, and returning in a few moments with a great key, led me through a paved court, and into the grounds of the convent. At one end was a little cemetery, whose wooden crosses, six in number, were just alike. The graves were gay with flowers, and shaded by great lime trees, that shed their white blossoms upon the sleepers below. The fourth cross bore the name of the nun of whom we had been speaking, and the words "Requiescat in pace," a prayer to which my heart responded with a fervent "amen."

EVERY WORD TRUE.

It is a great and prevalent error, that children may be left to run wild in every sort of company and temptation for several years, and that it will be time enough to break them in. This mistake makes half our spendthrifts, gamblers, thieves and drunkards. No man would deal so with his garden lot; no man would raise a colt or puppy on such a principle. Take notice, parents—unless you till the new soil and throw in the good seed, the devil will have a crop of poison weeds before you know what has taken place. Look at your dear children, and think whether you will leave their safety or ruin at hazard, or whether you should not train them up in the way they should go.

A SAD ACCIDENT.—The lady who was nearly killed by the accidental discharge of her duty, is slowly recovering.

HYMN.

BY ALICE CARY.

Away with all life's memories,
Away with hopes, away!
Lord, take me up into thy love,
And keep me there to-day.

I cannot trust to mortal eyes,
My weakness and my sin—
Temptations He alone can judge,
Who knows what they have been.

And I can trust Him who provides
The thirsty ground with dew,
And round the wounded beetle builds
His grassy house anew.

For the same hand that smites with pain,
And sends the wintry snows,
Doth mold the frozen clod again
Into the summer rose.

My soul is melted by that love,
So tender and so true,
I can but cry, my Lord, and God,
What wilt thou have me do?

My blessings all come back to me,
And round about me stand;
Help me to climb their dizzy stairs
Until I touch thy hand.

THE SURPRISE;

OR,

ME, NOT MINE.

BY A YOUNG MAN OF FORTUNE.

When I came of age I came into the possession of a handsome house on a fashionable street, with a fortune in stocks and money of seventy-five thousand dollars, besides. In all I was worth a round one hundred thousand, as the house was large and costly and had been most gorgeously furnished by my mother, who was a lady of elegant taste and a woman who loved display, for the sake of seeing around her the forms of beauty and the attractions of luxury.

I lost my father in my eighteenth year and my mother two years afterwards. I had neither brother nor sister and thus come into unquestioned possession of my inheritance.

Of course I could not live alone in such a great, splendid mansion, and I bethought me of taking a wife. But being young I resolved to travel first, thinking it time enough when I should return from abroad to surrender my liberty and my house to a pair of bright eyes.

"And perhaps," thought I, for I was of a romantic disposition, "I may fall in love with some one in my travels and make a romantic match, all for love!"

But I was two years and a half abroad without falling in love. In fact I soon became quite alarmed for myself and shy of the ladies; especially of the young American girls who tour it abroad and are looking out for rich matches! These witches did not hesitate to court me right out and out, and to throw dust in my eyes and fairly attempt to bewitch and bewilder me! I was, in face, a plain young man, with sandy hair inclined to red, and features by no means Grecian; while my figure was short and not quite so symmetrical as that of the Belvidere Apollo. I fancy myself I could not be called ugly, but no one ever told me I was handsome.

I became suspicious, therefore, of the attentions of these Naiads and Dryads, these Fannys, Kates and Carolines, and received their gifts of flowers, shells, and "poetry" with misgivings; and put a mask over my heart when they would take advantage of catching me in the corner of a garden, or in a lone place as we climbed the Swiss mountains, and play upon me their batteries of love-looks and powder-burning sighs.

The result was I returned home to New York altogether nervous and timid as to the sex; and for fear I should be married for my fortune and not for myself, I eschewed female society and spent my time at my club. In the meanwhile I had invited a dear old maiden aunt to live with me and be mistress of the mansion and its servants.

Thus I kept house without a wife and lived *en prince*, with a free heart and free hand!

But "it is not good for man to be alone" This sacred word was constantly intruding itself into my solitary thoughts in my lonely and magnificent chamber.

One day I out with my thoughts into speech before my aunt in this abrupt fashion—

"I'll *marry!*"

I was at the moment gazing from the parlor window upon the lovely wife of my friend Jack Mortimer who was seated with him in the opposite window, talking and laughing *so* happily. At something, evidently of teasing badinage that he said to her, I saw her prettily box his ears and saw him (the happy dog!) seize the little white hand and cover it with kisses! It was this that electerized me and made me turn on my heel and electrify my aunt with the exclamatory phrase above—

"*I'll* marry!"

My aunt dropped a collar she was working and gazed upon me with smiling surprise.

"That is well said, Edward! I am rejoiced you have come to this good mind!"

"I am tired living alone! It is selfish in me to enjoy this great mansion and all these luxuries to myself! Besides, if a man doesn't marry, aunt," continued I in a philosophical way, "he misses blessings and joys Heaven intended should surround his old age and sweeten the declining years of man with domestic pleasures! Then look at the happiness in the present! See that Jack Mortimer and his handsome wife! I envy him and feel mad with him! Yet I ought to thank him for inspiring me with the desire to emulate him. He is rich! I wonder if Emma de Forrest married him for his money! No—*he* is confoundedly handsome! As for me—I am too plain for such a lovely girl to look at—and I will marry only a perfect beauty! But, aunt, a beauty, the very girl I should fancy, would think more of my money than of me!"

"You are too severe on your personal appearance, Edward," said my aunt. "Sensible women do not regard beauty so much as intellect and manliness of character. You must have more confidence in yourself."

"But I have no confidence in the girls, aunt! My mother early taught me I should be rich and that I must take care that I was not caught by designing belles for my money!"

"This advice you have followed until you are become morbid on the point!" said my aunt.

"Well, I dare say I am; but I can't help it now! Somehow all the girls I have liked were poor, and so I became afraid of them."

"Then fall in love with a rich one!"

"They are all so spoiled and heartless, void of affection for parents or anybody else but themselves. If I could find a lovely and amiable young maiden in good position, yet not rich, who would love me for myself, I would be a happy man! I sometimes regret I am rich; for the true love of a true-hearted girl would be of more value, aunt (don't laugh at me!) than all my money! What is gold to love!"

I lighted a cigar and smoked, walking up and down the parlor in a gloomy mood. My aunt sat with unemployed needle, cogitating, with her fore finger to her cheek. Suddenly she said,

"Edward, throw away your cigar—the smoke ruins the carpet and curtains—and come and sit by me. I have a plan!"

"What plan, aunt?" I asked as I obeyed her.

"Have you not a preference for some one?" she asked, archly.

"Yes, I confess that the charming Eugenia Enders has captivated me. She does not know me. I have only seen her pass the window to and fro to school, and you told me who she was!"

"Yes. Her father was a cashier in a Bank, but died poor, leaving a widow and this only daughter. The mother is supported by the liberality of a brother of her husband's, who educated Eugenia; for she is now eighteen, and will leave school next week for good."

"She is poor?" I asked.

"She has nothing at all. She will have to teach!"

"Never—if I can prevent it. I am in love with her. Her sweet eyes—her lovely mouth, her richly keyed voice heard by me as she talked and laughed with her school fellows, her graceful air and step, all have ensnared my poor heart! But I should seek her acquaintance, how shall I know that she will accept me for myself and not say 'yes' for my fortune? She is of a family equal to our own—only poor! Her father knew my father intimately; for I have read letters which have passed between them!"

"Suppose, Edward, you *pretend* to be a *poor* man," said my aunt.

"Pretend! How?" I asked.

You say you are not known to Eugenia Enders, that you love her, and, if you were sure you could be loved by her for *yourself*, you would offer her your hand in marriage? Am I saying too much?"

"Not one word, dear aunt!" I replied, steadily.

"Then listen to my plan. It is a little romantic; but as I do not think you will ever get a wife, in a common way, I will propose it!"

"I am dying to hear it, aunt," I said, with my curiosity piqued.

"This property runs back to the narrow street of shops in the rear, and three of those shops belong to you! They seem to those on that street to have no connection with this large house, on this fashionable thoroughfare; indeed it is not visible from the lane. Now, the middle of those three two-story shops is still for rent. The others you know are occupied, one by a tailor and another by a milliner. I propose that you take the third and open a small school as a poor young Teacher, and in the interval form an acquaintance with Miss Enders and make your own way to her heart, unaided by any agent but your own qualities of mind and heart; though your face and manners are, to me, very agreeable, and when you are animated, as you now look, you are really a handsome man!"

To be brief, dear reader, I at once entered into my aunt's scheme. It jumped exactly with my humor. It suited my romantic temperament. There was a high brick wall dividing my part of the premises from the part on the narrow street. In this wall was a gate of which I held the key; but no communication was ever had between the two lots save by going round a whole square. There could be no suspicion of any connection between the humble tenement on the lane and the magnificent mansion on the other street.

That very hour I visited the tenement accompanied by my aunt. It had a large room below with shelves and two small apartments up-stairs with a narrow rear court. It rented for one hundred and fifty dollars a year; while my own mansion would have rented for eighteen hundred—so great was the difference between the two.

"I will have this furnished, aunt," I said, "in a plain but neat manner; and benches and desks put in the school-room below. You shall be my good mother and live up stairs in genteel privation! You can come and go as you please, only being here when I need your presence!"

My aunt was perfectly at one with me in this additional feature to her plan. In three days the house was ready. It wore not an air of poverty but of genteel and thrifty economy. We looked, in a word, like a reduced family, once having seen better days. I was to be Mr. Edwards, my real name being Edward Berrian, and my aunt Mrs. Edwards. I procured a suit of somewhat worn black clothes, neat and respectable, and put up a sign on the door, as follows:

"Private Tuition
By
A graduate of Yale College.
Latin, Greek and French
Taught.
TERMS made known on application to
EDWARD EDWARDS.

When all was ready (my trap set) I surveyed my premises with very great delight and satisfaction.

"Now for the bird," said my aunt, who was arrayed in a plain black gown, and cap, and knitting in her hand.

"There is the rub!" said I.

"You know I am known to a friend of Mrs. Enders, though not to her, from whom I obtained all I have learned of them and of Eugenia. As your aunt, (that is in my proper character) I will call upon her, speak of the young man who has opened a school in our neighborhood, and as she has two boys, I will speak in your behalf, and pave the way for you to go and call upon her. Eugenia is a frequent visitor at her house! With this first step, you can manage for yourself how to become acquainted with her!"

All succeeded admirably. In a week's time I had nine boys! two of them sons of Mrs. Alonzo Phillips, the friend of my aunt and Mrs. Enders. I was bound to teach the little urchins; but to relieve myself I employed a poor lame young man to do the heavy work, with whom I left the school half the time!

In the meanwhile I had but one idea! to see and become acquainted with Eugenia Enders. I did not dare to appear in my thread-bare suit on the streets to meet her, lest I should be met by friends, and occasion remark and curiosity as to this change in my appearance. She never passed through the lane, her house being five squares off to the left. After ten days of impatience and indecision, my aunt brought me relief. She said she had that morning been introduced to Eugenia, with whom she was perfectly charmed, and had spoken of me as a young and deserving teacher, of good family, but with nine pupils only; who was a good French and German Teacher and would be glad to have pupils in the languages.

"Do you know French?" I asked her, said my aunt.

"Not well. I should be glad to take lessons in reading. I left school yesterday but wish to continue on with my languages," was her reply.

"I then," continued my clever aunt, "suggested to her and her mother that I should call and introduce you!"

"Admirable! What a scheming head, aunt," I exclaimed. "Let us go this evening."

"I have set to-morrow evening. To-night, you know, you are invited to the wedding of Count St. Leon with the rich Miss Botton."

"I would rather it were to-night," I said, impatiently.

But the next evening behold the poor teacher, Mr. Edward Edwards, introduced to the beautiful Miss Eugenia Enders, in the plain but genteel parlor of her mother's house. As a proposed teacher I was, of course, on my most modest and best behavior, putting the young man of fashion in my pocket, and behaving as became my professed position.

Shall I say that I was a chained captive at her feet the moment she recognized my bow. What grace—what nameless naivete of manner and voice—what a fascination her every motion possessed to hold my soul in thraldom! I addressed her my first words in French. She blushed with embarrassment, but replied with excellent pronunciation. I had brought with me three books—German, French and Italian. My aunt kept the ladylike mother engaged, while I heard Eugenia read French to me, that I might ascertain what teaching she needed. I warmly complimented her. I read, at her request, a passage from the German (Schiller). In return she praised my pronunciation. I then asked her if she knew the language. She said that she did, a little. At my request she gracefully and modestly read, with perfect ease, a poem of Gœthe. I responded by assuring her that I needed to be taught—not she. She laughed. Ah, what an ice-breaker a laugh is—a good, kind laugh! She took up the Italian volume of Ariosto and other poets, which I had laid on the table, and said—

"Oh, Italian! This language I have a great desire to learn. Do you teach this also?"

"Yes," I answered. "If you will permit me, I will translate to you."

"Please *read* first. I like the rich, mellow tones of that tongue. There is a depth and feeling in constant recurrence of the vowel sounds that moves the heart."

"I read to her the sonnet "To a bird in a cage." She asked me to translate it. I did so as follows:

Sweat singer, in thy prison strong
Does thy bright spirit sigh for flight?
Is that full-hearted, thrilling song,
The outpouring of thy soul's delight?
And are those notes thy bosom swelling,
That man has given thee a house to dwell in?
Or is thy song a wailing plaint
At thy unnatural restraint?
Or dost thou sing so sweetly, bird,
To win and move thy captor's heart
With thy sweet melody, in hopes, when heard,
He may, by pity moved, bid thee depart?
Oh, like thee my heart (a little bird)
Is captive held within a maiden's breast;
I beat my wings, I sing my sweetest song,
Alas! the more I sing, the more I am caressed;
And when I hope to move her gentle heart,
And hear her say, "Sweet bird, depart,"
The closer shuts the maid my prison door,
And, I fear me, will never free me, nevermore!

When I had ended this extempore translation, I looked into her eyes. Our looks met. I felt I had been too bold as I saw her glance drop like lightning, and the rich blood mantle her cheeks. What is the mystery of a glance? I know not. But from that moment we were *not* strangers.

When I parted that evening with Eugenia Enders, I felt that my future happiness was wrapped up with her.

But I must not linger with reflections and feelings. Let it suffice that I continued my visits to the house of Mrs. Enders until I had won Eugenia's heart and her mother's consent, (encouraged by my aunt,) when I should be able to support her. At length my aunt informed Mrs. Enders that she would settle on her young friend (myself) seven hundred a year, if the marriage of two so loving and worthy of each other could take place soon. All objections were removed. The day was appointed. Eugenia was to aid me in my school, (this was *her* plan, the dear, noble girl,) and I was to live with my mother—that is, my aunt—whom, *as* my mother, Mrs. Enders had not seen. It was necessary they should *meet*, and Mrs. Enders called to see her in our humble home. It was in the evening, and the apartment was ill-lighted. All passed off admirably. My aunt, in her fashionable attire, was not recognized as "my mother" in plain garb, cap and spectacles. It was decided that we were to live above the school-room with my mother.

We were married in the parlor of the bride's house, a few persons only being present, chiefly Eugenia's friends.

"The young people will have to struggle," said Mrs. Enders to my aunt, addressing her confidentially as my mother. "But they are young."

"Yes, and will do well, I doubt not."

"I should have been glad for Eugenia to have married one a little better off in the world," I overheard my mother-in-law say to a friend after the ceremony, and while the wine and cake were going round; "but he is spoken *so* highly of by the rich Miss Berrian."

After the company retired, which was at nine o'clock, I said to my lovely bride, smiling mysteriously—

"Come, Eugenia, let me show you where you are going to live."

"Are we not going to remain here to-night?" she exclaimed, with blushing surprise.

"Not exactly here," I said. "Take my hand, and let me escort you to a carriage at the door." My aunt had previously left, and regained my mansion.

As I opened the door a superb phaeton, drawn by four white horses, was drawn up before it, to the amazement of the whole vicinage. A coachman in livery and a servant in livery were upon the box, and two footmen sprang down from behind, and opened and stood by the door.

"Come, Eugenia," I said, gently drawing her across the sidewalk. "This is your carriage. Let me assist you into it."

"Edward, what is this? You mock me, or I dream?"

I did not reply, but placed her within it. The door was closed, the footmen sprang to their places, and I bidding good night to her mother, away dashed the horses. In a few minutes they entered —— Avenue, and drew up in superb style in front of my house, which was brilliantly lighted, and guests were assembling, for, dear reader, I had given out five hundred cards of invitation for a *reception*, it being understood that the *ceremony* of my "announced marriage" was to be strictly *private*.

"Why do you stop *here?* What is all this, Edward? Where is your house?" cried Eugenia, as I turned to induce her to descend from the phaeton.

"It is your house, dearest Eugenia. Be calm. Do not tremble. I am not deceiving you," I added, for I perceived she was agitated and bewildered. And well might she be, first to be whirled off in a splendid equipage with servants in livery, and then stopping at a magnificent mansion. It was necessary I should say something to re-assure her, so I remarked—

"Be composed. I am rich. This is my mother's house. I am no teacher. I have only feigned to be poor, to see if I could win you for *myself* alone. Come, Eugenia, and behold for yourself the truth of what I say."

She suffered me to conduct her from the carriage to the door. Servants threw it wide open to us, and we were ushered along the hall to my library in the rear. She has since said she believed she was dreaming it all. In a moment we were alone. I then more fully explained to her. She burst into tears of joyful surprise, and threw herself into my arms.

"Oh, Edward! Edward!" she cried. "This is too much. I loved you thinking you poor. I can love you no more, rich. But will you, rich, love *me* as before?"

"I have been rich all along, only concealing my wealth to find a maiden who would love me for myself. I am well rewarded."

"If you love me still, I am the happiest of women!" she cried.

At this moment my aunt came in richly attired. Another explanation followed. We were as happy as we could be. Eugenia yet looked bewildered at the splendor around her. My aunt then told her that a superb bridal dress was awaiting her up stairs, and attendants to robe her, and that she was then to meet the company in the drawing-room and hold her "reception."

But my story is ended. I leave to the imagination of the reader the joy of her mother, whom I went for, stealing a half hour from the party to bring to my house, to behold her daughter in all her happiness.

My stratagem I have never repented of. I have the best wife in the world, who by beauty, talents, grace and goodness, is equal to her position, and as for Jack Mortimer, I don't envy him a brass farthing. His pretty wife may box his ears as much as she pleases, for I have one confoundedly handsomer to box mine when she pleases.

Bless me, I doubt whether a husband ever made a wife so happy as the surprise I gave dear Eugenia rendered her. Rich young men, who want to be loved for yourselves, lay aside your wealth awhile, and court "on your own face," and you will be sure to get a wife who marries *you* and not your *money*.

WOLVES IN THE ALPS.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF AN OLD ITALIAN.

There are many wolves in the Alps, where my father lived when I was a child. Among my earliest recollections are frightful accounts of those animals. They were described as like very large dogs, with teeth of great size, howling terribly, and attacking beasts and men with boldness. I felt great apprehensions of them, but yet was somewhat relieved when told that wolves are so much afraid of fire, that a single spark is enough to make them run away immediately. My playmates and myself used to value very highly bits of flint, because we could strike sparks from them; and we used to practice this, and carry them with us, to be ready whenever the wolves should come.

It is dangerous to travel in some parts of the Alps in very severe winters, when food is scarce and the wolves almost famished, for then they become very dangerous and bold, and are ready to attack any creature they see. At other times they are more cautious, and seldom venture to seize anything larger than a sheep or a goat. But when ravenous, they will pursue an ox or a horse in packs, spring upon it, and overpower it by numbers. They thus soon pull down an animal much their superior in size and strength, and, by biting and tearing its skin and flesh in every part at once, soon kill and devour it. And men are equally in danger in such seasons, if incautiously exposed to wolves, though the mountaineers are generally too wary to be seized by them, and the wolves themselves are often made their victims.

They have different modes of hunting wolves. One is by making pitfalls, and another by snares, made of noosed cords, laid upon the ground near where some bait is placed, a few leaves being scattered over them, to prevent suspicion. When the preparations have been made, the hunters hide among the rocks, or in the bushes, with their double-barreled guns heavy loaded, and await the arrival of the wolves. While eating the bait, one of their feet easily becomes caught in one of the nooses, and then the animal struggles in such a manner as to show that he is in difficulty. The hunters sometimes fire as soon as they perceive this, and, indeed, sometimes before an animal is snared, if they think the bait is likely to be all devoured, and the prey to escape. But one thing which the hunters usually wish to accomplish is, to get a wolf howling on the spot to draw others, and this is generally done either by snaring or by pounding one, so that he cannot run away. Then, as soon as the howl is heard, wolves come in from all parts of the forest, and crowd together in such numbers, that the hunters can shoot them down and make a great slaughter. But this is very dangerous work, for sometimes the wolves turn upon the men, and overpower and kill and eat them in a few moments. Unless the hunters take care to get into a safe place, among high and steep rocks, or in a tree, they are always in some danger when a pack of wolves is near.

It used to be more common to kill wolves singly in the forests, when meeting them at night. Then they may be shot without much risk of others coming up, especially if they are killed outright. They are generally discovered in the dark by the shining of their eyeballs, which have a surprising and unaccountable brilliancy. I have seen them myself, and can testify that, even in the daytime, in the shades of the rocks or trees, a wolf's eyes look bright, like balls of fire. In the night, however, they are far more so, and shine like diamonds or stars. There is no mistaking them in our mountains, for I know of no other animal there that shows such brilliant eyes. They offer an excellent mark for the hunters, who often kill the ferocious animals, by shooting wherever they see two such glaring fireballs in the forest.

HOW TO DO IT.

If a young woman wishes to have herself published as "fascinating, beautiful and accomplished," let her pack up her best clothes in a dirty towel, crawl out of the back up-stairs window, some dark, rainy night, and elope with the man that feeds and curries her father's horses. It's a big price to pay for compliments; but it will bring them just as certain as a dirty barrel will beget musquitos. In fact, we never knew a woman to make a very decided fool of herself, in any way, without enhancing her charms two or three hundred per cent by the time her case got into the papers.

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MAN.—Man is like a snow-ball. Leave him lying in idleness against the sunny fence of prosperity, and all the good that's in him melts like fresh butter in these days; but kick him around, and he gathers strength with every revolution, until he grows into an avalanche. To make a figure in the world you must keep moving.

THE BUTTERFLIES' MISSION.

BY GEORGIANNA HERBERT.

The old maid walked slowly along, thinking disconsolately of her many troubles, and wondering why people who seem to have no particular place and no particular work in the world were ever sent into it—wondering why some people should have more than heart could wish, while others, just as deserving, should have next to nothing—wondering why the favored inhabitants of the great palace on the hill should seem so indifferent to blessings which would render *her* unspeakably happy—wondering, wondering, wondering, and fretting within herself at the ways of Providence. The old maid was very unhappy, because she was very rebellious and wicked at heart, though all her outward conduct was frozen into the utmost propriety. Nobody in the world who had seen that tall, correct figure, with every garment religiously severe in its meekness and simplicity, who had remarked those quietly folded hands which held a book in their clasp, and that pale, passionless face, with its downcast eyes, could have dreamed of the vexed and tumultuous thoughts that were boiling and foaming within. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart;" and He had pity on the unhappiness of the lonely old maid's heart, and sent it comfort.

The path along which she walked led by the side of a little, singing brook—the grass was fresh and green along its banks, and some pretty little flowers were peeping out their smiling faces to the sunshine. Suddenly, right in the midst of one of her most knotty wonderings, up, almost into the old maid's face, fluttered a flock of butterflies—beautiful, yellow butterflies—all alike. She did not remember to have seen so many together for a great many years. Thought dropped the knotty questions, as suddenly as a dog will drop a hot joint, and made a great leap backwards. The old maid stood perfectly still, and close to her feet the bright little flock again settled down. Well does the Beecher eloquent describe butterflies as "the interior spirits of rain-bows, sent down to salute those kisses of the seasons on the ground—*flowers*"—they are indeed as spirits, and *these* butterflies came *with a message from the past* to the heart of the desolate old maid.

People passed near and turned to look at the sober-eyed woman standing so motionless with the butterflies at her feet—perhaps they thought her crazed or foolish—she did not care *what* they thought; her soul was gone away backwards, to fields by a river side where long ago she had wandered with the first loved companion of her childhood. She remembered how thickly the grass was mingled with the same sweet bloom that was now before her eyes—and she remembered how many, many flocks of yellow butterflies she and her playmate had chased up and down those fields. How everything came back—the old stumps near the road, about which the sorrel grew so plentifully—she and Mary used to gather it to make sauce for their bread and butter. She remembered that it tasted as good as pie-plant or apple-sauce; and she wished that she had some now. She saw herself and Mary running through the fields towards home, and she also saw her mother standing in the door beckoning to them. Then, when with her apron full of sorrel, her heart full of happiness, and her hands full of butterflies, she reached her mother she cried out—

"Oh! ma, ma, so many of these little beauties—"

She opened her hands—alas! the beauty of her captives was destroyed, and they crept helplessly along the little fingers of their captor. Then all the gentle words of that dear mother came back to memory—again are heard the comforting, instructing and warning words of that long sleeping mother—and the old maid remembers that thus they closed—"My little daughter must always remember of how many things these frail and pretty creatures are an emblem.

"They are an emblem of our own future life, and also of the things in this life which look so beautiful to us that we chase them so eagerly, and grasp them so rudely, that when they are gained we find them of little worth. The world is full of disappointments and troubles, my child; and you will have your share; but I hope you will always remember your mother's words, and to patient, and cheerful, and loving, towards both God and man, *let your sorrows be what they may*. We none of us ever have so much trouble as we deserve, nor so much as our Saviour bore for us, and we never ought to complain at what is laid upon us. Life is but very short, dear child, though now you cannot think so—and when it is over—if we have passed it as we ought—loving our Lord through trouble and through joy—we shall find no more disappointments—all, and more than we have ever wished for will be given us; and we shall be *astonished* at our own happiness."

With a significance never till now fully understood, returned the wise and kind words of that mother; and there was given to the old maid a disposition to assent to all that they conveyed. Humbled and comforted she passed on her way, while about her seemed blowing the winds, and floating the odors, of her far-off childhood. The frail wings of the butterflies had borne upon them influences strong enough to fan away the gloom from a human heart; and to hush its wild heavings until they were but the soft and gentle throbs caused by the broodings of parental love. Oh! Peace, *how sweet thou art*—how holy—when wilt thou reign o'er all the earth? When enter into our restless and distracted hearts there to *abide?*

A WORD TO BOYS.

Boys sometimes think that it looks *large* and *manly* to tease and terrify smaller children, and they think it a smart thing to rob birds' nests; to kill poor little helpless animals whenever they can find them; and to pull off the legs and wings of flies, grasshoppers, etc. They swagger, and swell, and talk loud and large, after these exploits, as if they felt a great deal more important and manly after them than before; and very likely they think—"If people only knew what we have done they would be quite astonished at our smartness." But the truth is that the spirit which prompts to such action is not only not human, but the very spirit that animates *devils;* and can there be any child that reads these columns who wishes to be "possessed of a devil?" Horrible! And remember, if you do such things as have been mentioned, you are *servants*—not to man but to Satan. Will you be in such vile service? You will get nothing for it but trouble and disappointment, for everybody whose good opinion is *worth having* will be sure to despise you for the very conduct which you think they would admire. Be kind to everything that lives—

"Take not in sport the life you cannot give,
For all things have an equal right to live."

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THE newspapers seem to think that the way to keep ladies' dresses from sweeping the streets is to "hold them up"—to ridicule.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1858.

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THE LORD OF THE HARVEST.

In all the years, if we may judge from observation and what we hear, the Earth was never more beautifully covered with grain, and fruits and vegetables—with all, indeed, that can subserve human need—than in this present year of grace. The beneficent God has truly shown Himself the Lord of the Harvest, sending upon all lands His rains and dews and sunshine, so attempering the fields that plenty and beauty sit, twin-crowned sisters, on the radiant throne of the universal landscape. Not a hill but breathes of benison, not a valley but is odorous of blessing. The meadows have cast their scented swaths, crowding the groaning ricks and mows; the wheat-fields have been shorn of their golden fruitage, sheaved in myriad garners; the corn rustles its yellowing banners to every wind, the wide country over, and in multitudinous spaces the thousand varieties of lesser things that go to feed our race, now wait to be gathered in cellar and crib.

In all the hedges, and by every way-side, a spontaneous profusion of berries has invited man and bird; the nut-woods are laden with stores for the squirrel and the garret, and all abroad the apple orchards bend their boughs under a burden of shining promise, while the vine is more than ever gloriously clad with clusters, slowly purpling to the kisses of the sun. In the aggregate, the harvest is ample as the season has been propitious, and the husbandman who can murmur amid all this blessing, has not yet learned to be grateful to the Lord of the Harvest.

The world moves on with a pomp of fruitful verdure, outside of pent-up cities—a world as much grander than the narrow, blighting world of trade, and the shallow world of fashion, as its products are more subservient of the essential wants of man.

To know man in his most lordly estate, and God in the amplitude of His love and power, one must go out and look upon the harvest-fields, the flower-parterres, the music-resounding woods, the shining streams, and all the gorgeous paraphernalia of nature breathing unbounded air and illimitable light. Out there, the intelligent, industrious man, is of all men the most master of his destiny—most regal in his independence. Well has the poet said of him—the "peasant-king:"

"See: yonder is his palace high,
His kingdom firm and wide:
His throne the cot, his sword the plough,
His realm the valley side!
His only host his flocks and herds,
And fields of bending grain,
The subjects of his royal rule,
The lords of his domain.

He wants no helms nor iron hands,
No pomp of waving plumes,
Nor vassal-knee, nor courtier tread,
Nor India's soft perfumes;
He holds his rein, he guides his steed,
And bares his shining blade,
And herds are thinned and fields are strewn,
But not with ruin laid."

Out there, to the discerning soul, God is visible in every grass-blade and every blossom—visible as the all-beautifying, all-bountiful Father, "in whom there is neither variableness nor shadow of turning." It were well for us denizens of the city, to turn frequently toward the country—the country which survives, though cities and nations perish—and see how much we owe to the harvest-fields and the husbandman—to the fair Earth, fond mother of us all, and to God, the Lord of the Harvests.

☞ ON our first page, will be found a capital poem from the pen of our friend SAXE. It gives us pleasure to announce that we have made an arrangement with him, whereby he is hereafter to write *only* for the LEDGER. Our readers may expect some rich things in the humorous line from his pen.

SELF-LOVE is at once the most delicate and most tenacious of our sentiments; a mere nothing will wound it, but nothing on earth will kill it.

WHO IS HE?

Who is Cyrus W. Field? What has he done? Is he a genius? Is he an inventor? Has he made important mechanical or scientific discoveries? Did he make, or assist in making, the Atlantic cable? Did he invent, or aid in the invention, of the machinery for paying it out? Did he render vital assistance in the laying thereof? Has he contributed any mechanical or scientific aid to the enterprise from beginning to end? Has he done anything to warrant him in arrogating to himself personally a grand public ovation, intended to commemorate a great historical event? So far as we can learn, Mr. Cyrus W. Field's career has not pre-eminently fitted him to play a conspicuous part, on any stage whatever, before well-informed and discerning critics. In the great telegraphic enterprise, wherein his name, by some fortuitous legerdemain, has been shuffled to the top of the pack, although he certainly displayed much energy and tenacity in urging it on, he yet seems to have played a speculator's part, risking the money of his creditors, and leaving people holding his paper to go hawking it about the streets on such terms as they might. This is not an unforgivable offense, to be sure, did the offender show himself to be a modest man, and chiefly anxious to atone therefor. But when he writes himself down, or his relations, with his approval, write him down, as the compeer and brother in science and fame of FRANKLIN, one becomes so disgusted at the effrontery of the proceeding, that the pen cannot be restrained from denouncing such an association of names. And when, in the midst of a grand public ovation, in honor of the laying of the cable, Mr. Field rides along the highways of the metropolis of the New World, with his hat in his hand, bowing to the right and to the left, to the front and to the rear, arrogating all the honors to himself, as though he were the god of the great deep, the genius of the cable, and the Magnus Apollo of the occasion, thereby mortifying his friends and causing the judicious to grieve, it is time that, like the *real hero* of a Roman triumph, he were reminded of the proofs of his fallibility.

It is due to ourselves to say, that we have never had any personal dealings, intercourse, or acquaintance with Mr. Field, and that we have no personal ill-will towards him. We have confined our remarks to the naked facts of the case, and spoken of him merely with reference to the ridiculous position into which he has forced himself, or permitted others to exhibit him, as "the great man of the age." Out upon such assumption—such impudence!

A PICTURE OF CALUMNY.

The ancient Greeks seemed to have had views of the detestable nature of calumny, which could not fail to do good, could they be implanted in the minds of the people at the present day—for the dockets of the courts of justice, to say nothing of the calumny of the public journals, on both sides of the Atlantic, indicate a sad tendency towards slanderous practices. Hence, although they had personified Calumny, and placed her among their divinities, after their custom as to all the vices as well as the virtues, and erected an altar to her, their great painter, Apelles, chose her as the subject of one of his most famous works. Believing his portraiture one well calculated to give the young healthy views of this heinous vice, we have thought it would be well to present a brief description of his picture:

Credulity, who is represented as a man with large, open ears, stands welcoming Calumny to him. Behind Credulity stand Ignorance and Superstition. Calumny—the most prominent figure, of course—is advancing. Her countenance is ruffled with malignity. In her left hand she bears a lighted torch, while with her right she drags along an innocent youth, who is lifting his hands and eyes, as if in supplication to the gods! Just before her goes Envy, pale and squinting. On her right hand stand Fraud and Conspiracy, as worthy supporters. Behind follows Repentance. With rent and tattered garments, she is represented as looking backwards after Truth, who brings up the rear, at a pace slow and solemn and sad!

The painter, who would re-produce this picture of Calumny, could not fail to become a public benefactor.

HOW TO DO IT.

A few weeks since we suggested that great events and national anniversaries should be commemorated by the American people in a more rational and permanent manner than has been heretofore customary, and proposed that, instead of expending large amounts on such occasions, for eating and drinking, and for ephemeral display, a liberal sum should be appropriated for some statue, painting, or other commemorative work of art. This idea has been welcomed with enthusiasm by our readers, and by some of our cotemporaries, and is pronounced to be "*just exactly the thing.*" Should it meet with the approval of the powers that be, an opportunity of putting it in practice will soon be afforded. We refer to the anniversary of the 25th of November—the day the British evacuated, and Washington took possession, of New York. A mammoth painting of that scene by an artist of genius, would be an invaluable treasure to us and to our descendants, and the very money expended for anniversary dinners and parades would secure such a work. Shall we have the painting?

OUR YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS, from towns where there are no news-offices established, are pouring in with unexampled rapidity, now that the long evenings are drawing near. We have to thank a large number of admirers of the LEDGER for their efforts to still further increase its present extraordinary and unprecedented circulation. In towns where, last year, we had only two or three subscribers, we have now large clubs. All we can say in response to this evidence of popular favor, is to assure our friends that no effort on our part will be spared to improve and beautify the LEDGER. We now pay more money for contributions by popular and eminent writers, in order to make a great and good paper, than is paid by any ten other weekly papers in the country; and, as a legitimate result, our circulation is larger than the combined circulation of any ten others. The *Weekly Tribune* prints about *one hundred thousand copies* more than any other weekly paper in the country, the LEDGER excepted, and our circulation is just about double that of the *Tribune*. Plain facts like these are the best evidence we can give of the LEDGER's unprecedented success!

A SEASONABLE GIFT.—Young gentlemen who are puzzled as to what "gifts" they shall make to certain damsels, and everybody else who wants to make a gift to anybody but don't know what to give, might solve the difficulty by selecting a year's subscription to the LEDGER, for that purpose. Such a gift is within the means of all, and the recipient would be reminded fifty-two times a year of the giver's friendly act.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

WHAT THE SUN SHINES UPON IN NEW YORK.

One is occasionally an eye-witness to scenes in New York which momentarily paralyze one's faith in humanity, I had almost said in God. One lovely afternoon of last week I determined to try the drive by the "new Hudson River road to Fort Lee," which by the way I rapturously commend, *en passant*, to every New Yorker, and stranger within our gates, who is fond of beautiful scenery. On the way we alighted, and entered one of the numerous rural gardens, to enjoy from thence a fine view of the river. Immediately our attention was arrested by loud voices; among which we distinguished that of a woman, now in loud angry tones, then soft and pleading as if deprecating personal violence. "Pay up then," vociferated a coarse, masculine voice, as a stout man appeared, grasping a young girl of eighteen or twenty by the wrist, dressed in a soiled tawdry bonnet and silk gown, and forcibly ejected her from the piazza of a refreshment room into the garden. She was a woman and young, and without understanding her offense, his brutality roused me; but my blood froze in my veins, when gathering up her form to its full hight, raising her small hand in the air, and flashing her dark eye, she cursed him as only a woman *can* curse who is lost for this world and the next. And men stood by and heard it, who had mothers and sisters—and laughed—and jeered—and maddened her already excited blood, *for sport*, to fiercer words of unwomanly strife! A young man of her own age, who appeared to have accompanied her there, and seemed terrified at the turn of affairs, stepped to her side; but she sprang upon him like a panther, then bounded past him—then seized a garden stool, and hurling it at his head with blistering curses, ran through the garden to the river. For the first time I found voice to say—Great God—she will drown herself! and before the words were out of my mouth—a leap—a splash—and she had disappeared. A boat was near, into which two men jumped, and succeeded with her companion in catching hold of her dress, after she had twice sunk. Pale—gasping—in her tawdry, dripping finery, she was dragged on shore. One of the men turning to her companion said, "another twenty-five cents due for fishing her out." Then two or three men, I suppose they *called* themselves men—took her under the arm-pits with her face downward, and two went behind and seized her by the heels, her drapery falling back from her knees, while other men of the same stamp, walked behind gazing at her exposed limbs. Then they laid her upon a garden bench with her white face upturned to the fair sky, and stood over the gasping, sobbing creature, with less feeling than they would gaze upon a maimed horse or dog; her dress torn from her neck, revealing to their beastly gaze, youth and beauty which God never made for this desecration.

Oh! could I by a word have summoned the advocates of *Free-Love* to that spot—then, and there, would I have given them my dumb, eloquent answer, to their nauseous, hell-begotten doctrines. I would have summoned thither those women who have lately stood up in public as champions of their sex's "rights," (heaven defend us from their polluted—polluting tongues) and bade them look upon what they must know to be the inevitable end of promiscuous "affinity." I would have summoned there, those men of position in the community, who sit in their carpeted, well-stocked libraries, and in full view of their household gods—within sound of the innocent prattle of their own children—by their own *yet* undesecrated hearthstones—write fine-spun theories upon Free-Love, claiming for its brazen female advocates the title of "modest" women! I would have summoned thither the editors of those respectable daily journals, who publish in their columns the sophistical effusions of such men, and bade them, one and all, look upon that young, gasping girl, and the coarse men who stood by and jeered at her.

As I turned soul-sick away, I saw a woman standing at a little distance with an infant in her arms, her face white with fear. As she gave a last glance at the girl, she pressed her babe convulsively to her breast and covered its innocent face with kisses. The action was suggestive. Alas, just so must that lost young girl's mother *once* have kissed *her!*

FANNY FERN.

CAUSE AND CURE OF EVIL.

A recent convention, styling itself "Philanthropic," attributed evil to about as many causes as there were members present, proving that society-tinkers, now as heretofore, have each some petty hobby on which they propose to ride humanity out of all the ruts and sloughs of life. One sees the cause of evil nowhere but in intemperance; another sees it solely in the present marriage relation; another beholds it in paper currency; and thus, through an almost numberless diversity of institutions, practices and customs, the motley of so-called philosophers and philosopheresses, look each at some single thing for the cause and cure of evil. Absurd use of time and brains.

The cure of evil can never be effected by theories, resolutions, conventions or governments. As individually felt, it is chiefly to be individually got rid of. The moment when man and woman universally shall cease to condemn society and begin to amend their own lives, and to train up their children accordingly, that moment will be the dawn of the millennium. Let the reformers reform themselves, let the idlers become industrious, let the vicious put on the garb of virtue, and the evil-minded, ignorant, and criminal come into the paths of true manhood, and the evils of which we hear so much will vanish. Then will the impotence of conventions and governments be truly seen. These, while the individual casts his evil upon society, and society thrusts its falsehoods upon government, can do little or nothing. The work to be done is an individual work. In the words of Scripture we are, each one of us, to "cease to do evil and learn to do well." And we consider that the Great Teacher, in the New Testament, has set forth the ways and means of human regeneration, more clearly, perfectly and satisfactorily, than ever has been, or ever will be, done by human wisdom and philosophy.

WIFE-MURDER.

"Another wife-murder" seems to have become a standing paragraph heading in the daily newspapers, so frequent has this horrid crime become. Murder is of itself a word of terror, but *wife-murder* is an infinitely more terrible one. The term *wife* calls up in the hearts of the good the most endearing fancies and the most hallowed emotions, and to see it coupled with that most fearful word *murder*, is unspeakably painful to a loving and sensitive nature. The phrase *wife-murder* seems a horrid paradox; it does violence to nature; and the sight or sound of it affects one like the discovery of a deadly reptile coiled around a sleeping babe. May it never be necessary again to use it in characterizing a deed of blood.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

The new golden era, of which so much has been "said and sung," seems to our vision to have already dawned, with a fairer promise of a millennium than has been seen or heard since the "nativity." Not only have our age and generation exhibited a marked advance upon all preceding times in general intelligence, scientific discovery and art-development, but their spirit, social and political, has manifested a progress in the paths of democracy and peace, equally remarkable, while their religious temper has been lifted vastly from the narrow sectarianism and intolerance of the past, into the light and tolerance of Christianity.

The human race is growing daily in unity, and the intercourse of communities and states spreads even more rapidly than its highways multiply, though the age is wonderful beyond parallel in the creation of these. Steam, lightning, letters and multitudinous invention, all seeking a common good for man, have become the "familiars" of our time. War succumbs more and more to diplomacy; the pen dulls the edge of the sword; the cottage rises and the palace dwindles; ovations are given to the thinker and worker, rather than to the lordly idler and blood-stained warrior; commerce advances and piracy recedes, and everywhere the institutes and ideas of civilization—now all but world-wide—broaden and quicken in the light of expanding humanity.

The day of empire, culminating in the West, reflects its blaze upon the long darkened East, and the Asian cradle of the race is rocked from its rest of semi-barbarism by middle-aged Europe and young America. Coincident with the triumph of the ocean cable-layers, China casts down her last exclusive barriers, and to-day, for the first time in six thousand years, the paths of the world's travel, and thought-intercourse are limitless. Who lives in the next century will behold still greater marvels—will behold intelligence, industry, plenty and peace universal, and the whole earth cultured into a garden surpassing the primitive Eden. Let no one doubt that the "good time coming" has already gloriously dawned.

TAKE YOUR WIVES ALONG.

We were thinking of "target excursions." Several companies of fine, manly-looking fellows have passed our office to day, evidently bent on "hitting the white," and having a good time generally, and we could not help thinking of the wives, sisters, daughters and sweethearts of said "fine, manly-looking fellows," and wondering how they enjoyed staying at home and tending babies, and slaving away at all manner of hard and disagreeable work. We believe in out-door recreation for men—industrious men, especially—and we believe still more in out-door recreation for women who have to labor. *They* are too much confined indoors; they are worked too hard; the bloom too soon fades from their cheeks, the brightness from their eyes, hope from their hearts. If their husbands, brothers and beaux, instead of going off in a masculine crowd to have a "good time" and eat tip-top dinners, while the women and girls are left to toil at home and eat meager dinners in loneliness, would take their wives, daughters, sisters and sweethearts along, how much better it would be! A Queen of Beauty could be elected from the maidens to crown the victor of the day. While the men were riddling the target, the ladies could be "spreading the cloth," and preparing the lunch brought from home. Their tact and taste would adorn and beautify the feast, and add a zest to appetite. What man would not prefer to have his cakes and ale, or coffee and sandwiches, passed to him by the delicate, fairy hand of affection, rather than by the brawny, hairy hand of servitude? To whom would not a glance from a pair of bright eyes be more appetizing than mustard or Worcestershire sauce? And then the benevolence, the *justice* of the thing. It seems to us that our noble-hearted excursionists only need a hint to induce them to act upon the suggestion here thrown out. What company will be the first to inaugurate this new, just and admirable feature of "target excursions?"

A COMMENDABLE ENTERPRISE.

One of the most commendable philanthropic enterprises of the day, as well as one of the most significant, is, the removing of the children rescued from the gutters and the dens of vice and poverty in this city, to homes obtained for them in the West. It is truly laying the ax of reform at the root—or at least at *one* of the roots of the tree of evil. Several thousands of these poor, forsaken castaways have been thus rescued and provided with good homes among industrious and virtuous people. Many of them have been adopted by rich and childless couples, and the comfort and well-being of all have been amply provided for. Every child thus rescued is a recruit diverted from the ranks of vice and crime, to those of industry and virtue. They will grow up into producers of wealth of their own instead of the plunderers of that of others—into the supporters of law and order instead of law-breakers. Instead of society's having to undergo much trouble and be at much expense in watching, arresting, imprisoning and hanging them, they will themselves contribute to society's support. This enterprise, then, should be fostered; and the rich and benevolent who wish to aid in a really good and *practical* work, will in it find a worthy channel for their sympathies and contributions.

THE LATE YACHT RACE.

In the late yacht race—the last of the season—the Rebecca, owned by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Jr., won the first prize, and the Zinga took the "schooner cup," which is an extra prize got up by subscription. The display was fine, and the sailing and manœuvering of the yachts elicited much commendation from the knowing ones. We observe, by the way, that the Narragansett protests against the Margaret for foul sailing, and that there is much other "protesting" among the owners of the yachts that didn't win; but the daily papers are quite "mum" about the matter, notwithstanding they made a great ado last summer when the Rebecca was complained of for a violation of one of the rules. The secret of the matter is, that the father of the owner of the Rebecca happens to be an editor. Such is the "brotherly feeling" that exists between conductors of daily newspapers in this city.

"PLAYED OUT."

An advertisement recently appeared in one of our daily journals, in which the advertiser stated that he "wished to employ a *woman* of good address and superior accomplishments, to take charge of the education of two *young ladies* nine and eleven years of age, respectively." We think this "young lady" business has been "played out." It is time we returned to "girls." Give us the good old English for 'em. For our part, we have made up our mind never to send a daughter of ours to a "young ladies seminary" so long as it is possible to find a *girls' school.*

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

BY following nature's silent processes, we may substantiate the dreams of those Oriental writers, who tell of roses, jonquils, and violets, falling from the sky, for almost every one of these globules of rain, absorbed by thirsty roots, may be converted into sap, and, working its way into the flower-stalk, assume the form of petals, turning their fragrant lips upwards to bless the sky whence they descended.

TIME is the measurer of all things, but is itself immeasurable, and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible because it has no limits, and it would be still more so if it had. It is more obscure in its source than the Nile, and in its termination than the Niger, and advaces like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent.

A DECENT competence we can fully taste and appreciate; it is a constant feast to us. If we have more, we must strive laboriously to enjoy it; we must toil to feel our abundance; and we have to request our humble friends to come and see our treasures, tell us of our riches, and help us be blest.

"WHICH do you love most, sir—your boys or your girls?" "Why, really, when my boys are little babies, and sucking at their mother's breast, I like them best, but when they grow up and come to *suck me*, my preference diverges toward the girls."

FURNITURE is inanimate society. We like appropriate emblems in furniture, though we would not adopt the pedantry that would make every chair, by its classical or hieroglyphical mysteries, puzzle the head instead of supporting the body.

A TOWN, before it can be plundered and deserted, must be *taken*, and, in this particular, Venus should take a hint from her consort, Mars. A woman that wishes to retain her suitor must keep him in the trenches.

A WESTERN editor says that he will labor to put down the cause of drunkenness. As the cause of drunkenness is generally supposed to be strong liquor, he will no doubt put it down without the least trouble.

ONE man falls by his ambition, another by his perfidy, a third by his avarice, and a fourth by his lust. What are these but so many nets, watched indeed by the fowlers, but woven by the victim!

"I AND Dan'l Webster put up at the same tavern last night," said a rough-looking fellow. "It must have been a house of accommodation for man and beast," replied a by-stander.

To render Achilles invulnerable, he was dipped into the river of the dead; and he who would arm his book against the power of time, must clothe it in a dead language.

IT has been said that a first-rate companion must not only be sprightly, but a good eater and drinker. He must have vivacity, edacity, and bibacity.

A BOSTON Editor calls the young ladies in his city, beautiful waves on the sea of existence. We suppose they spend all their time in dancing.

WHEN we see a lady looking at us through an opera glass, we are apt to suppose she might think it very indelicate to look with her naked eye.

REASON is that Homeric and golden chain, descending from the throne of God even unto man, uniting Heaven with earth, and earth with Heaven.

WE loathe the hypocrisy that weeps. We have beheld the falling of many a tear, that we always expected to see crawl away—a live crocodile.

"WHO made you?" said a lady to a little boy. Placing his hand a few inches from the floor, he answered—"God made so much, and I grew the rest alone."

A MAN that marries a widow is bound to give up smoking and chewing. If she gives up her weeds for him, he should give up the weed for her.

"LANDLORD, this place that I have rented of you is all at sixes and sevens." "Oh, very well, you pay me only seven and sixpence a week for it."

A TENNESSEE Editor says of the Banks in that State, that their sands are running fast. We hope he means the sand-banks.

ABSENCE destroys small passions and increases great ones, as the wind extinguishes tapers and increases conflagrations.

IT is a bad thing to be over-wifed. Better have no appointment than get a place under petticoat government.

INTELLECT is better than position. Brains inside the head are better than a crown outside.

To keep your friends, treat them kindly. To kill them, treat them often.

THE romance of life, like all other romances, ends with marriage.

SAILORS may be emphatically called the world's floating population.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A SHORT time since the family of a Mrs. Murray, living at Chapel Hill, Texas, were suddenly taken sick, and Mrs. W., two of her daughters and two servants died, exhibiting unmistakable symptoms of having been poisoned, and other members of the family were smitten down apparently by the same infernal agency. On examination it was discovered that arsenic had been thrown into the well in such quantities as to empoison the entire contents.

AT a late "spiritual" meeting in Cincinnati, the goddess of the occasion, whose name is great in the ranks of "spiritualists," announced that one portion of the mission of her sect was the conversion of his Satanic Majesty, which was now being prosecuted with gratifying indications of success. There is evidently a slight mistake in this report. It is probably the spiritualists who are being converted by his Satanic Majesty.

A POOR old woman in Brittany, some eighty years of age, whose income has never exceeded $30 a year, was lately tried for swindling, when it was shown that she had for years been in the habit of borrowing to pay borrowed money, and having, by the promptness of her payments, established a reputation for wealth and honesty, had succeeded in "doing" the good people of that province out of over a hundred thousand francs.

A DECK hand on board the propeller "Globe," that runs between Buffalo and Chicago, lately came to his death in a horrible manner. He made his bed on a pile of freight near the engine; in the night the pile gave way and precipitated him among the machinery, which tore him in pieces and ground him almost into a powder. But a few bits of his remains were found next morning.

Two men living near Danville, Va., recently took it into their heads to swap wives, but the trade was brought to a stand still by reason of one considering his wife a great deal better looking than the other's. After considerable chaffering the matter was adjusted by the husband of the handsomest wife offering to take two and a half bushels of potatoes to square the difference.

JOHN STOUGHTENBURG, a gigantic hunter, of Oregon, is reported to have lately had a fair up and down, rough and tumble fight with a full-grown grizzly bear, in that region, from which he came off victorious. He had a hunting knife, and the bear had his claws and teeth. The "gouging" is said to have been "awful beyond description."

A POISONED valley (Guevo Upas, the natives call it) has recently been discovered near Batten, in the island of Java. It is strewn with the bones of tigers, bears, deer and other animals, intermingled with which are a few human skeletons. A couple of dogs sent into it by an Englishman, lived one seven, and the other eighteen minutes.

A MAN named Alexander Gilbert, living in Blair county, Pa., killed himself recently, first cutting his throat with a dull knife, then tearing the wound wider with his fingers, and finally sawing into the jugular vein with a piece of glass.

THE managers of the New York Central Railroad are having "sleeping cars" constructed for that line, to run on sixteen wheels so as to make them easy, and "to be fitted up with all the modern improvements."

LOUIS NAPOLEON is trying to buy the steamship Leviathan. He wants to fit her up as a sort of sea battering-ram, wherewith to run down the war-vessels of his foes.

A MICHIGAN paper says that in a certain village in that State so many people have the ague, that the church bell is rung at specified hours for the inhabitants to take their quinine.

A SOUTHERN gentleman has offered a premium of $200 for the best essay on "Religion in the Family"—an important subject, and one worthy of the best pens of the age.

THE New Orleans papers advise Northern people not to visit that city until later in the autumn, as strangers are still very liable to be attacked by the yellow fever.

A ROSE FROM MY LITTLE SISTER'S GRAVE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Thanks to the friend who sent thee here,
  Thou beautiful, sacred flower!
Plucked, as he says, with many a tear,
  In Death's lone bower.

I wonder not that sorrow's sign
  Within his dark eyes grew,
For years ago that child divine
  He, loving, knew.

And who did not? as there she shone
  By our dear mother's side,
Heavened all about with Beauty's zone—
  Some Angel's bride!

Nor did the Angel wait her long:
  How blessed that one! for she
Ere soiled by sin and mortal throng,
  Kissed Immortality.

Dear sister! from those splendors there
  Wilt thou not sometimes lean,
And for me waft some Eden air
  O'er earth's dark scene?

And wilt thou not, when I must wing
  Away from Time's sad isle,
Meet me with seraph-minist'ring,
  And tender smile?

Ah, on thy struggling brother here
  Send such sweet influence down,
That he *can* surely see thy sphere
  And fadeless crown—

That he will bravely meet each peal
  Of Life's war on this sod,
And mid the deepest agony feel
  Sure trust in God!

RICHARD HOFFMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER XCII.

THE ACCOUNTS SQUARED.

Three days of restless anxiety had been passed by Carus in meeting the commercial engagements which he had rendered himself liable for, despite the deed of partnership which positively forbade him from trading on his own account.

By dint of exertion, backed by means he would at one time have hesitated to employ, not from principle, but prudence, he succeeded at last in satisfying the most pressing demands against him, and obtained a short breathing time. It was, however, only like a respite to a condemned criminal, not a pardon.

On the fourth morning, as he was about to start from his chambers, for he had given a bill of sale upon the furniture, his mansion, and no longer resided there, one of his under clerks placed a note in his hand. The blood mounted to the temples of the conscience-stricken man as he perused it.

It was from Peter Mangles, drily informing him that Mr. Bently had arrived in town, and requested his presence precisely at one o'clock at the office of the firm in the city; the postscript startled him still more, for it duly warned him not to fail, as he valued his *personal safety*.

"What," he repeatedly asked himself, "could the threat imply?"

It is one of the terrors of those who have pursued a life of guilt, never to know the *exact point* at which detection threatens them; like the spider, they have a hundred threads to their web of guilt, touch but one of them, and the whole fabric vibrates.

"What am I to expect?" he murmured, as the word "assassin!" recurred painfully to his recollection; "was his uncle really aware of the attempt he had made upon the life of our hero? or had he obtained a clue to a yet darker secret? Were the deaths of the old poison-vender and his former confederate, Styles, to prove useless to him? Had proofs of his dealings been discovered, either before or since the old man's death?" What would he not have then given to have been able to answer these questions satisfactorily?

His first feeling was to disregard the summons, for like most cowards, he wanted to postpone the evil hour, but the postscript, alluding to his personal safety, exercised a species of fascination stronger than his will, and at the appointed hour he started for the interview, which he foresaw was to decide his future destiny.

With a feeling very much akin to that of the conscience-condemned wretch, when taking his place at the bar of human justice, Carus Kearn approached the well-known offices of the firm in the City. The old porter, he imagined, frowned as he passed the door, and the clerks in the outward office regarded him superciliously.

The latter was by no means an improbable circumstance, for in his prosperous days when the confidence of his wealthy relative was yet unabated in him, he had been as haughty and overbearing as he now felt crushed and humiliated.

"Has my uncle arrived?" he inquired.

The cashier silently pointed to the private office of his employer.

It was a great relief to the wretched man to find only Peter Mangles in the room. There was a strong, an exceedingly strong expression of indignation on the countenance of the old clerk as he regarded him.

"In an instant," he said; "wait till I have finished the addition of these figures; they are rather intricate, such calculations are not much in *my way*."

"What can he mean by calculations of any kind not being much in his way?" mentally asked Carus.

For nearly half an hour he sat in a state of nervous anxiety, listening to the scratchings of Peter's pen, which produced a most disagreeable impression upon him, causing his blood to run cold. The precise old man finished his task at last, and rang the office bell.

One of the junior clerks answered it.

"Take these papers to Mr. Bently," he said.

"So, my uncle is already here," thought the nephew, growing more and more uneasy at the proceedings.

"Shall I take them?" he asked, rising from his seat.

"Your uncle will not see you yet," replied Peter, drily; "he wishes to be informed exactly how things stand."

"And those papers?"

"*Will inform him*," was the answer. "I have gone over them twice, and I seldom make an error either in figures or any other kind of calculation, I am happy to say."

The word "happy" merely informed his hearer of a fact he had long suspected—that the speaker knew him.

"Is my uncle better?" he asked, with desperate courage, feeling that he must say something.

"In health, yes—in mind, no. He has been painfully tried."

"Not by business," observed the junior partner, approaching the desk as if with the intention of assisting in the arrangement of his papers.

"Not so near, Mr. Carus!" exclaimed Peter Mangles.

"You forget who I am!"

"No, I do not: you are Mr. Bently's nephew, and *was* a junior partner in the firm."

"Was!" repeated the former; "I am."

"Ah! yes, true—the deed is not signed yet."

"What deed?"

The sound of Mr. Bently's bell prevented the necessity of the old clerk's making any reply to the question.

"Your uncle will inform you," he said, at the same time pointing to the door of the private office.

With a desperate effort to maintain something like self-possession, the guilty nephew passed through, and stood in the presence of the man he had so deeply injured.

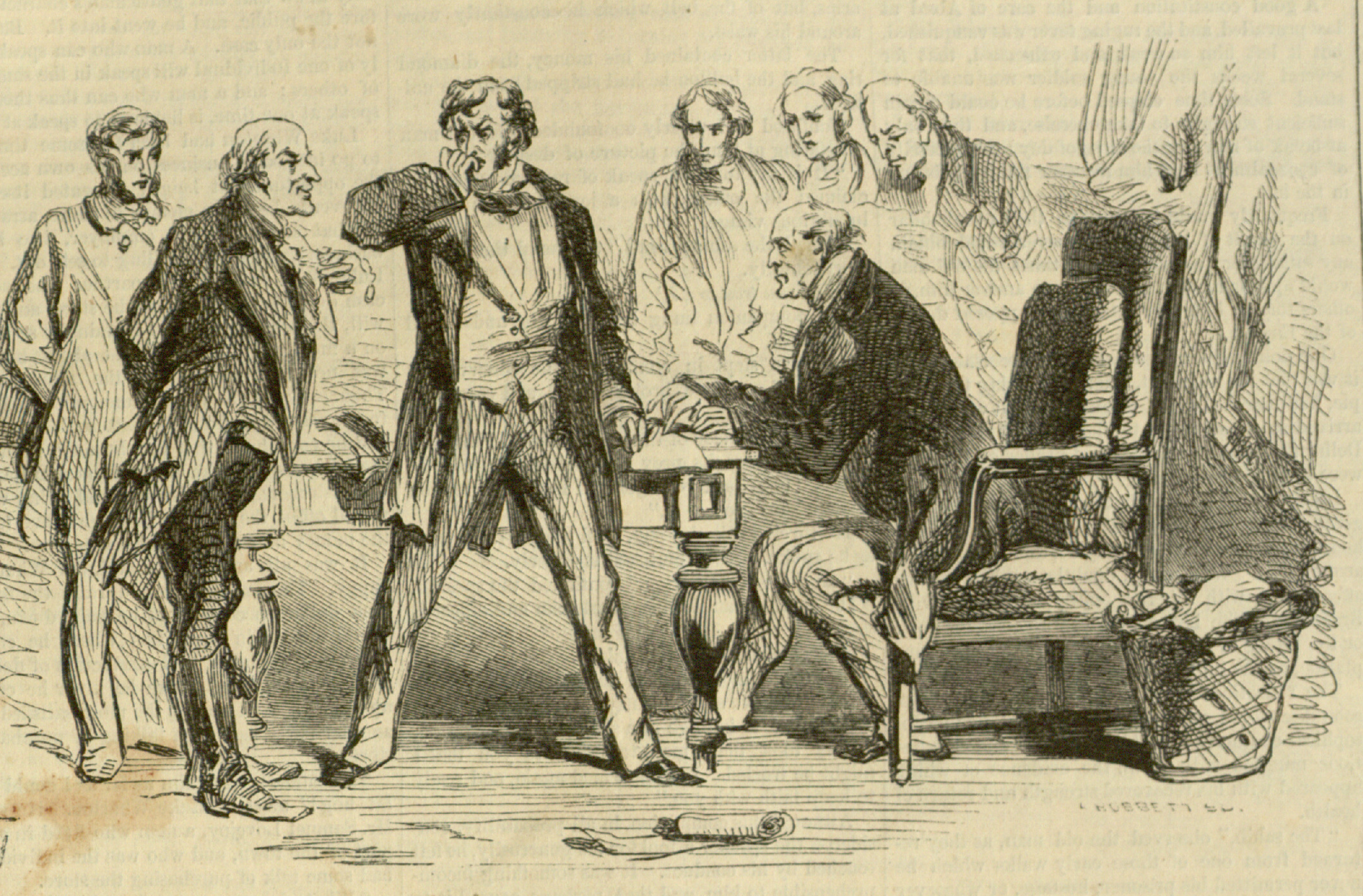
He found, as he expected, his relative much changed. The events of the last few weeks had told fearfully upon him; but, although his face was pale, and the eyes deeply sunk in their sockets, there was a rigid firmness in the muscles, and cold, stony glance of the eye, which indicated strong resolution.

He advanced towards the table, and would have offered his hand, but a look arrested him, and he took the seat to which the merchant silently pointed.

"Carus," he began, after a pause, "I have sent for you, not to listen to any explanation of your conduct, or reproach you with ingratitude. The first, it is impossible for you to offer without additional falsehood; and to the latter I am well aware you have long been insensible—for the man who has so successfully succeeded in stifling the voice of his own conscience, will never be touched by that of his benefactor."

"I do not understand you, sir," replied his nephew.

"I scarcely expected that you would," observed Mr. Bently mournfully, "for to understand my words would imply that you felt them. I will at once proceed to the purpose for which I sent for you. You have broken the conditions of the deed of partnership which gave you a nominal share in the firm, consequently it is dissolved."



SQUARING THE ACCOUNTS.

Carus bit his lips to repress the rising passion.

"The proofs are these bills which you have accepted and dishonored. For the credit of my name," added the merchant, "I have taken them up."

At this intelligence the eyes of the reckless speculator flashed with sudden joy.

"All?" he asked.

"*All but two*."

At this reply, the satisfaction of the culprit vanished as rapidly as it had appeared.

"To which," continued his uncle, "the signature of the firm has been *forged*. Do you know the consequences of that word *forged?*—infamy, a prison, a public trial, and an ignominious sentence."

"You will never, sir," exclaimed the detected villain, after a few moments' reflection, during which he recovered something like confidence, "cover yourself with disgrace by the exposure?"

"Would the disgrace," observed the merchant, "be greater in having a nephew a convicted felon, than a son-in-law a reputed one? for my part I see but little difference."

"You allude to George Hoffman," exclaimed Carus, bitterly; "recollect, sir, that I was not his accuser."

"*I do recollect it*," said the old man, in a tone of self-reproach; "and to that one circumstance you owe the chance—the only one of escaping from the consequences of your crime. The foul slander must be retracted, and his innocence made clear."

"Made clear," repeated his nephew. "By whom?"

"By you?"

"You ask more than is in my power to perform," replied the former; "how can I explain the transaction which has injured his reputation?"

"Simply by acknowledging yourself to be the real thief," replied Mr. Bently, in a calm, passionless tone; "that even to the most skeptical, must be proof enough."

"What!" exclaimed Carus Kearn, with well-acted indignation; "in order to avoid the consequence of an act of madness—for I was mad, when, driven by my necessities, I wrote the signature of the firm—acknowledge myself guilty of an act I never contemplated! Never, never! Is this your justice, sir, to the son of your dead sister?"

The last appeal was artfully thrown in. The speaker, on more than one occasion, had moved his uncle to relent by alluding to the tie of blood between them; this time, however, the merchant remembered that he had other ties still more sacred, which had hitherto been neglected.

"Perhaps," he said, "you will explain this bill drawn upon you by my former clerk, Sandford, for five hundred pounds, also the nature of the transactions between you which authorized him, for so many years, to draw for the same amount You ask for justice," added the merchant; "rest assured that you shall have it step by step. I am prepared to vindicate my conduct towards you to the world; vindicate by laying bare, if necessary, the long system of hypocrisy and villany you have pursued, even," he added, "to your crowning act of crime!"

There was a terrible meaning in the last words which caused Carus Kearn to reflect. He knew the inflexible resolution of his uncle when once roused, and late events had somewhat lowered the high opinion he had entertained of his own fertility in expedients.

"Think on your position well," exclaimed his relative. "I need not remind you that you are a ruined man—ruined in reputation as well as in fortune; abandoned by your long-suffering wife, whose wrongs have been made known to me, and your son. A little infamy more or less," he added, in a tone of bitter irony, "is nothing in addition to such a burthen."

"You say truly, sir—I am a beggar!" groaned Carus; "and, if I thought you would yet stretch out a hand to——"

"I make no conditions," interrupted his uncle.

"Be it so, sir. I am in your hands, and will act as you desire."

Having uttered these humiliating words, the speaker threw himself into a seat with a sullen air, to await the result of his submission. It was not the first of his calculations that had failed; but, in the present instance, the consequences were overwhelming. Ruin, inevitable ruin stared him in the face, and the crisis found him helpless, without one resource to fall back upon. Like the crushed serpent, Carus could only writhe in impotent fury. True, the venom of his nature still remained, but he lacked the strength to sting, and, like many other clever schemers, he felt himself disarmed by the uncertainty of how much or how little his outraged uncle and benefactor knew of his past crimes.

The death of Tom Styles and the old poison-vender no longer seemed to guarantee his safety.

On a signal from Mr. Bently, Peter Mangles entered the room, followed by Mr. Morton, the legal adviser of the firm, George Hoffman, his friend, the Bank of England director, who had communicated the cause of his account being rejected, and his partner, Mr. Thornton.

At the sight of the man whom he had so perseveringly labored to destroy, the lips of Carus Kearn became bloodless.

"Not yet," said the merchant, as his son-in-law extended his hand to him; "wait till I have done you justice, laid bare the front of hypocrisy, exposed its hideous deformity, that the world may see and shun it; then, but not till then, shall I feel I have in some degree atoned for my past unjust suspicions."

Tears stood in the eyes of Peter as he regarded his employer; never had he felt so proud and satisfied with what he considered his straightforward, business-like conduct.

"You will be kind enough to read over the papers you have prepared," added the speaker, addressing the lawyer.

The first was a deed dissolving the partnership which had hitherto existed between the uncle and nephew.

"Sign it," said the former.

Carus hesitated.

"Sign it," repeated Mr. Bently, sternly. "I neither warn nor threaten again."

The humiliation was more than even the broken spirit of the detected forger could endure, and a passionate refusal, accompanied by half-muttered curses, broke from his quivering lips. Finding the latter of no avail, he descended even to entreaties; but they fell on ears as deaf as his own had ever been to the voice of honor and humanity.

The only reply Mr. Bently condescended to make was a request to Peter Mangles to call in the officers.

"Certainly!" exclaimed the old clerk, advancing with alacrity towards the door. "Any further hesitation would be weakness, not mercy."

"Stay!" gasped Carus, looking wildly round him. "I consent."

"Remember," observed Mr. Morton, "it is your voluntary, deliberate act and deed."

The wretched criminal hastily dashed off his signature at the bottom of the parchment.

One of the senior clerks, who had been summoned into the room for the express purpose, and Peter Mangles, witnessed it; the former with indifference—to him it was a mere formal matter of duty; the latter with intense satisfaction—it seemed to remove a weight from his heart; the firm for whose prosperity he had labored so long and faithfully—whose success was, in a great measure, the work of his life—whose reputation he felt more jealous of than his own—was purified at last by the expulsion of the dishonest partner.

The old man could show his face proudly upon 'Change again, without the fear of any sneering questions touching the whereabouts of Mr. Kearn.

"I presume I may now depart," said the crestfallen nephew.

"Not yet," replied his uncle; "there is something more to sign."

Carus repeated the words impatiently.

The merchant handed to the lawyer the confession of the dying Sandford (it had reached him through the house of Curry and Sons.) Mr. Morton read it deliberately, word for word. As he proceeded, cold drops of perspiration started on the brow of the wretched Carus. The history of his villany thus laid bare, recalled for an instant the long absent blush of shame upon his cheek, whilst, on the contrary, a flush of honest pride suffused the countenance of George Hoffman, whose character was vindicated beyond the shadow of a doubt; he could walk the world again, nor fear to be confronted by the past.

Thornton, who fully comprehended the feelings of his partner, congratulated him by a silent pressure of the hand.

"I knew it all along," observed Peter Mangles, striking his knuckles energetically upon the table; "that is to say, I divined it as I should have done a bad debt or an approaching bankruptcy. Never knew the boy whose petty cash-book would not balance turn out an honest man yet."

"What is it I have to sign?" demanded the detected hypocrite, unable longer to endure the glances of contempt and aversion which encountered his gaze on every side.

The lawer commenced reading a detailed confession of his crime, but had not proceeded far before Carus interrupted him.

"I acknowledge all—everything!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse, broken voice; "let me sign it at once, before I am driven mad, quite mad."

"Pooh, pooh!" replied Peter; "you must hear it. Such a procedure would not be business-like."

Despite the old clerk's objection—which arose more from a love of regularity than a desire to triumph over a fallen man—the merchant nodded to Mr. Morton to permit his nephew to have his own way; possibly he felt tired of the degrading scene.

Carus rapidly signed the confession, and the record of his infamy was complete.

"George Hoffman," said Mr. Bently, "having atoned for the injustice I formerly did you, I can now accept your proffered hand."

His son-in-law grasped it cordially, and the reconciliation became perfect.

"I knew he would," muttered Peter, who seemed suddenly to have caught a violent cold in his eyes, for he used his handkerchief frequently. "I always said that his heart was as right as his ledger, and I can answer for that. Mr. Kearn," he added, turning to the delinquent, "this cannot be a very pleasant sight for you—at least I should think not; though even that may be a matter of taste. If you will walk this way I have a little commission to execute."

Carus regarded him doubtfully.

"Go," said his relative, "repent if you can, and become an honest man; my word is passed for your safety."

With a look of mingled fury and despair, the unworthy nephew passed from the room into the office of Mr. Mangles, who, having by this time recovered his composure, seated himself at his desk with a business-like, magisterial air, coughed drily once or twice, the preliminary to commencing a discourse, which as usual ran rather parenthetically.

"Although your uncle has removed your name from the firm," he said, "as a man of business I don't see how he could have done otherwise, and entirely discarded you from his affection, which you never was worthy of, he feels that as an honest man, he would not be acting rightly were he to let you loose upon society—I should say decidedly not—without some slight assistance, which, no doubt, will be spent in riot and debauchery, or wasted in some ridiculous speculation. But that is your affair, not his; he has commissioned me to give you a thousand pounds."

"He is very generous," muttered Carus, in a tone of bitterness, at the same time dashing the tears of mingled rage and mortification from his blood-shot eyes.

"There is little doubt of that," replied Peter, sharply. "Not that I believe you either feel or think so. It's no use your trying to look penitent; you can't humbug me. I've never been in Egypt, Mr. Kearn, or saw a crocodile in all my life—unless, by-the-by, it was a stuffed one in the Museum. Yes," he added, "now I recollect, I certainly did see one; but I have heard of their weeping, and know the value of their tears."

"Give me the cash!" exclaimed the late partner in the firm, stung to madness by what he considered the old man's insolence, "and let me depart."

"Certainly, certainly. I was about to advise——"

"The money!" repeated Carus, "the money!"

Mr. Mangles slowly and methodically wrote a check for the amount, and handed it over the desk to him.

"And now the bills."

"What bills?"

"The—the—you know the ones I mean."

"The forged ones," said Peter. "Can't part with them, Mr. Kearn. It would be a most unbusiness-like proceeding. The firm has paid them; they now form part of our receipts—though what account I am to place them to, goodness only knows. The bad debts," he added, musingly; "yes, I think they had better go to the bad debt account."

"I must have them."

"Indeed."

"I will have them!"

"Ah!"

"Where are they?"

"Deposited under seal with your uncle's private papers at the bank," answered the old clerk. "If you think you can obtain them personally, I have not the slightest objection to your making the attempt. I have merely one observation to make—*There is no second set of keys to their safe. And I wish there had never been to ours*," he added. "The firm of Bently and Son—for it will be Bently and Son—would have been ten thousand pounds the richer."

Carus could endure no more; with a bitter scowl he quitted the counting-house, looking neither to the right nor left, as he passed through the offices, for fear of encountering the supercilious smiles of the clerks.

His first visit was to the bankers' to cash the check. The money in his possession, he began to recover something of his former confidence.

"I am defeated," he muttered to himself, "but not subdued. The fools forget that with time the serpent's fangs will grow again; the enterprise which has failed the sixth may succeed the seventh time."

As Peter Mangles would have said, could he have heard him—a most unbusiness-like calculation.

CHAPTER XCIII.

ILLNESS IN THE JUNGLE.

There is something so magnificently terrible in war, that few minds are capable of grasping it as a whole or perfect picture. The movement of armies, the marching and countermarching of troops, the strategetic movements of the opposing commanders merely serve to confuse the non-military reader; and it is only from its episodes, such as the attack upon some isolated fort, the turning of an enemy's position at some important point, or the struggle of a handful of gallant fellows surrounded by superior numbers, that he can form any distinct idea of what war really is.

These episodes become doubly impressed upon the memory when some dear friend or relative has taken a share in them. As we doubt not but by this time more than one of the personages of our tale have secured an interest in the sympathy and kind feelings of our readers, we shall not apologize for drawing their attention once more, and for the last time, to India.

Some may, perchance, expect that we are about to follow, step by step, the progress of the contest, now, happily, nearly terminated. Nothing of the kind; that task belongs to the historical painter, and not the mere sketcher in pen and ink, whose labors are confined to bits of detail, although, as we have just observed, such bits of detail give, perhaps, the clearest idea of the entire picture.

When the fanatic sepoy sprang with Fred Wharton from the walls of the temple, all who beheld the desperate act imagined that both alike had perished. The English uttered a cry of horror—the Hindoos their triumphant exclamations of "*deen! deen!*" To the defenders the gallant soldier seemed a martyr—to the assailants a sacrifice offered to their goddess, Mariatele.

Christians and heathen were alike deceived. The ferocious rebel was the only one who met his death. The young officer, though sorely bruised and wounded, lay senseless for awhile upon the pile of slain which his own hand had assisted to rear. When he recovered his senses he found himself in a rude hut, formed of boughs and grass, in the depth of the adjoining jungle. An old soubahdar, who had formerly been in the Company's artillery, had drawn him from his blood-stained resting-place, at first, no doubt, with a view of plundering his body; but, finding that he still breathed, had conveyed him to a safe distance with the intention of preserving him.

Like many of his class, the ex-sepoy had been forced to join the insurgents, whose ultimate success he doubted. It was not humanity that prompted him, but interest and calculation. If his countrymen succeeded, he could at any time deliver the hated Christian into their hands; if, on the contrary, the British triumphed, his pension, he considered, would be preserved.

For some time after recovering his consciousness, Wharton continued to look around him with a bewildered air, at a loss to comprehend how the desperate struggle in which he had so lately been engaged had been exchanged for his present shelter, and more than once he asked himself whether the aged Hindoo, seated on his heels at the door of the hut, was his jailor or preserver

Probably the man would have been equally puzzled to answer the question satisfactorily had it been put to him, seeing that it depended on the turn events might take.

The faint echo of the cannon informed the young Englishman not only that he had been removed to a considerable distance from the scene of slaughter, but that the contest was still going on, and he made a faint effort to raise himself in order to rejoin his comrades.

"Useless, sahib," said the soubahdar. "The new-born babe is scarcely more helpless. It will be weeks before you are able to stand."

"*And then?*"

The Hindoo regarded him with a singular expression, and made no direct reply. Probably he was weighing the price set by his countrymen upon the head of every British officer against the chance of recovering his pension.

"*Who knows?*" answered the old man. "It is given but to few to read the leaves of destiny. What is writ is writ, and there's an end. Be content with the present good that has befallen you, and leave the future to itself."

To encourage the speaker in what, for the present, at least, appeared a friendly disposition, Wharton felt for his purse and watch, with the intention of giving them to him; they were both gone. Fortunately, he recollected that he had a diamond of considerable value in the bosom of his shirt.

"Unfasten my uniform," he said.

His preserver, who had watched his actions whilst searching for his money, guessed the reason of his request, and eagerly complied with it.

"There," continued the wounded man, drawing forth the gem, which the Hindoo greedily snatched at; "if I recover, I will redeem it back again at ten times its value."

"It is a diamond!" exclaimed the former, in a tone of satisfaction, after holding it up to the light, and carefully examining it. "The sahib is rich?"

"I can pay a rajah's ransom," replied the Englishman, perfectly satisfied that whatever else was the inquirer's motive in preserving his life, humanity had very little to do with it.

"And yet you are young," observed the old man, suspiciously, "to have gleaned much wealth, even with the Company for a paymaster."

"I am not in the service of the Company," said Wharton, "but of the Queen; you ought to know the difference."

"How so?"

"Because you have been a soldier. It is useless to deny it; I can recognize at a glance a man who has served."

The soubahdar drew himself up with an air of gratified pride, for, like most of the natives, he felt vain of having borne arms.

"The sahib is right," he answered, at the same time executing the military salute; "I have served under Napier, the conqueror of Scinde. He was the lion of the Feringhees, but the Company never understood him."

"And yet you have joined your rebel countrymen," said the officer.

"Destiny," said the old man, calmly.

The Hindoo muttered something about faith and being compelled to obey the decrees of the Brahmins.

"Faith!" repeated the soldier, indignantly. "What faith can justify the massacre of helpless infants and women?"

"The rule of England is broken."

"Do you believe it?" demanded Wharton, in a tone of contempt so undisguised, that it bore impress of the sincerity of his convictions. "Little do your countrymen dream of the energy of the mighty nation whose wrath they have madly braved. Even now," he continued, with increasing energy, "thousands are on the seas to re-assert her rule and punish this rebellion."

"Meanwhile the Mogul reigns in Delhi," observed the soubahdar, calmly.

"The sultan of an hour," exclaimed the wounded man. "His present elevation will only make his fall more ignominious. He is the last of the race of Timour."

"You forget that he has many sons."

"There are ropes enough in Hindostan for all," was the reply.

At this retort the gray eyes of the old man, hitherto so cold and snake-like, sparkled with fury, and his hand involuntarily sought his tulwar, a long knife-like looking weapon in his girdle; a moment's reflection, however, and the calm, haughty glance of the speaker restrained him, and he repeated the old formula which is alike the key-stone to the faith and philosophy of the followers of Brahma—

"What is writ is writ."

Poor Wharton was too much exhausted by loss of blood and the severe contusions he had received, to continue the conversation any further. Absal Mursa, the name of his preserver, set himself at once to dress his wounds, which task he performed with no inconsiderable skill; that concluded, he quitted the hut for an hour, at the end of which time he returned laden with herbs gathered in the jungle.

With these he prepared a species of embrocation, and bathed the bruised limbs of the young officer, who shortly afterwards fell into a refreshing sleep. When he awoke, he found himself alone. His first impulse was to fly, and regain the temple; but every effort to quit his pallet of leaves proved vain. As the Hindoo had said, he was as helpless as a child.

It was past midnight when the soubahdar returned, bringing with him a bag of rice, and a bottle of arrack. The first was for his prisoner; the latter for himself.

Wharton knew, as well as the fellow himself, the chance upon which his life depended. Although his residence in India had been a brief one, he had seen quite enough of the native character to know that calculation and self-interest form the basis of every action. A reverse on the part of the English forces, and his preserver might make a merit of delivering him to a death too terrible even for his calm courage to contemplate without shuddering; a victory, on the contrary, for awhile, at least, would secure his safety.

Having cooked a dish of rice, as the natives of the East alone know how to prepare it, the old man advanced to the side of his pallet, and, in a tone of respect, requested him to eat.

The officer faintly smiled; he knew that the attack upon the temple had once more failed.

"The forces of the rebel rajah," he said, fixing his eyes upon the countenance of Absal, "have been beaten."

"How tell you that?"

Wharton silently pointed to the food the speaker had prepared and brought him.

"They have," answered the Hindoo, struck by his powers of observation, a quality nowhere so much respected, as in the East.

"Succor has arrived?"

The Hindoo made no answer.

"Hear me!" exclaimed the wounded officer, greatly excited. "I make no appeal to your feelings of humanity; wise men—as the Vedas express it—are governed by the brain; children and women only by the heart."

"The sahib hath spoken truly," muttered his hearer.

"What good can you possibly expect from keeping me here a prisoner? Should your countrymen discover me, they would sacrifice me in their fury, and you would not even have the merit of delivering a victim into their hands; possibly might share my fate!"

The old man nodded, as if to say go on.

"By conveying to the commander of the garrison intelligence of my safety, you may at once secure a considerable recompense."

Absal shook his head. The success of the English was not sufficiently decided to induce him to consent to such a step.

"I have a son," he answered, "in the troops of the rajah, whose life would pay the penalty of his father's treason to his faith."

"His safety may be provided for," urged the officer.

"I should risk my own," added the Hindoo, "were I discovered endeavoring to approach the place. The light cavalry of Acbar are scouring the jungle."

"They may find us here," observed the wounded man.

"Not one would venture near."

"Why not?"

The old man, with a mysterious look, repeated the word "*deen*," by which the Englishman knew that the spot the speaker had chosen for his retreat was supposed by the superstitious natives to be invested with a sacred character.

There are many such places in India. Travelers will frequently meet with them by the road-side, and sometimes in the jungle. They are either the cell or tomb of some fakir, santon, or saint, who lived and died in the odor of dirt and sanctity.

The approach to these retreats may generally be known by rags tied to the bushes round them, and sometimes by yet more costly offerings.

Finding his entreaties useless, Wharton once more tried to sleep, and soon fell into profound repose, which the Hindoo carefully watched. Having been more than once an inmate of the regimental hospital, he was quite prepared for the fever which set in on the following morning, and not altogether without skill to treat it.

For several days the state of the wounded soldier hung evenly balanced betwixt life and death, but happily he was unconscious of his sufferings; his brain wandered, and he was no longer in India but in England; imagination had annihilated both time and distance, and transferred him from the lonely hut in the wild jungle to the home of his boyhood, and surrounded his rude bed of suffering with the faces of those who loved him—whom he loved.

More than once, too, the word "mother!" escaped his lips, as a ministering form appeared to hover round him in his waking dreams.

These visions, if they may be termed such, were not always of a pleasing character. More than once he saw the aged Hindoo brandishing his long weapon over his head, and threatening him with death. It might have been the phantasma of his over-excited brain; but as the reports of disasters to the British arms before Delhi were at that period industriously circulated by the Brahmins, it is more than probable that the real and unreal were confounded in his ravings.

A good constitution and the care of Absal at last prevailed, and the raging fever was vanquished, but it left him so weak and exhausted, that for several weeks the young soldier was unable to stand. Some time elapsed before he could regain sufficient strength to take exercise, and then only at break of morn or the close of day; the necessity of concealment kept him at other times a prisoner in the hut.

Frequently would he question the ex-soubahdar on the result of the war, but never could obtain any satisfactory account. Sometimes the old man would appear moody, and refuse to answer him, at others torture him by relating the supposed defeat of the English.

One point Wharton succeeded in ascertaining—it was that his regiment, after destroying the temple, had marched with the reinforcement which had arrived so opportunely, to the siege of the City of Delhi, the spot on which the destinies of the East were soon to be decided.

Like most of his countrymen, Absal was much given to contemplation. The Hindoo will sit for hours insensible, or apparently so, to all that passes around him. With many, doubtless, this is a mere affectation; with others a reality, especially with Brahmins of the highest caste, who consider *yoga*, or the losing of their own individuality in contemplation, as the highest degree of sanctity.

The reflections of his preserver, as the officer soon discovered, were not altogether of this philosophical character; worldly interests and calculations mingled with them, the evidence of which appeared with his recovered strength and return of health.

"The sahib," observed the old man, as they returned from one of those early walks which he never permitted his prisoner, hostage, or whatever else he might consider him, to take alone, "is now strong. The rose has returned to his cheek, and his sinews have regained their elasticity."

"You have saved me," replied the Englishman, gravely, but without expressing the slightest desire to ascertain to what his words tended. The Asiatics entertain a profound contempt for curiosity or impatience.

The soubahdar stroked his beard.

"Delhi," he said, "is six hundred miles."

"It is."

"Still, with courage and a good horse, it might be reached in less than a moon."

"Undoubtedly."

"The sahib would like to rejoin his countrymen?"

"It is my most ardent wish," exclaimed the young man.

"And once with them, speedily forget the ransom you have promised me," observed the former, suspiciously.

To have repeated his offer of rewarding him the Englishman well knew would have been useless, and added to the mistrust of the speaker, who, like most men, judged of others by himself; and the native of the East is never so vehement in his protestations of fidelity as at the moment he is plotting to deceive or more intent upon cheating than when vaunting his fidelity.

Wharton wisely, therefore, took a different course.

"How long have we known each other?" he asked.

"Four months," was the reply.

"During which time I have several times been at the gates of death, have I not?"

"Life hath trembled in the balance."

"Have I shown fear?"

"No."

"Or baseness?"

"No."

"Then why suspect me of them now?"

"The sahib is right," exclaimed the Hindoo, stroking his beard complacently, "and I were a kafir longer to doubt his word; for, with all their faults, there is truth in the Feringhees. If I beggar myself, as I must do, to procure the horses," he added, "we will proceed to Delhi. You will not quit me?"

"Not till you are paid," replied the officer, joyfully.

"That will be——?"

"When we arrive before Delhi."

With this arrangement the old man expressed himself satisfied; and it was decided that they should start upon their journey the following night, in order to avoid the risk of encountering any straggling parties of the rajah's soldiers, many of whom still lingered in the neighborhood, although the fort of their master had long since been destroyed.

Absal absented himself during the rest of the day; but at dark returned, bringing with him a couple of horses, which he stated he had bought—Wharton shrewdly suspected he had stolen them—and a disguise for the latter; the sight of whose uniform would at once have betrayed him, in the event of encountering the enemy, and exposed both to their revenge.

The metamorphosis was completed, and the Englishman not only ready but impatient to start. Not so his companion; his avaricious spirit could not endure the thought of leaving the costly jacket of his companion behind; so he sat himself quietly down, and began ripping off the lace and embroidery.

"Heed not the trash?" exclaimed the former. "What is gold weighed against safety?"

"Gold is the strength of the earth," replied the soubahdar, calmly, continuing his work; "only fools despise it."

"Is that the teaching of your priests?"

"*It is their practice*," observed the old man, in a cynical tone: "words are but air."

It was not till the last strip of bullion had been removed from the uniform, that the speaker consented to depart; once mounted, he showed neither hesitation nor fear, but boldly led the way through the jungle, which they traversed for many miles before reaching the open road; fortunately, the night proved a dark one, and no enemy more redoubtable than the hungry jackall, or the timid antelope, crossed their path.

There was something inexpressibly irksome to the young Englishman, in being compelled to stick to the side of his companion, who was well armed himself; but, as a matter of precaution, left his prisoner, for such he considered him, defenseless. If the former galloped only a few paces in advance, a sharp, angry voice recalled him, and the hand of Absal was placed on his carbine.

This state of suspicion on one side, and dependance on the other, endured till the fugitives arrived at a ruined tomb, where they agreed to take up their quarters for the night, the Hindoo, as usual, going to the nearest village to purchase provisions.

On his return he brought with him not only the usual supply of rice, but a fowl and a bottle of arrack. It was the first time he had indulged, since quitting the hut, in his favorite drink, which, after a hearty supper, told upon him, and he soon fell into a profound sleep.

Great was the soubahdar's consternation when he awoke the following morning, to find that Wharton had not only possessed himself of his arms, but of the belt which he constantly wore around his waist.

The latter contained his money, the diamond ring, and the bullion he had stripped from the uniform.

Confused and utterly confounded, the old man sat staring at him, the picture of despair.

"It is my turn to speak of ransom now," exclaimed the officer, with a joyous laugh at his lugubrious visage.

"I had the sahib's word," answered the former, reproachfully.

"*Did you trust to it?*"

His companion hung his head; he understood the reproof.

"I have slept in confidence," he observed at last; "and we have broken bread and eaten salt together."

"It was the sleep of the wolf," replied Wharton, "who imagines its prey defenseless. There," he added, "take back your gold; I have no intention of depriving you of it."

He threw back the bag, well filled with rupees, as he spoke. Absal clutched it eagerly.

"And there is the ring," continued the speaker. "The word of an English gentleman and officer is sacred."

The Hindoo began to think so.

"And last, receive your arms—the weapons with which you have so frequently threatened me when I attempted to indulge in a gallop from your side. I only took them, man, to prove to you that I might be trusted. I am unarmed again, and ready to keep faith with you."

Although his companion, in all probability, considered the speaker a fool for his generosity, he felt touched by his conduct. It was something incomprehensible to him, and that, perhaps, caused it to make the deeper impression, for he could not avoid contrasting it with what his own would have been had the case been reversed.

"Retain the arms, sahib," he said, handing him back the pistols and the tulwar; "I no longer doubt you."

"I thought we should understand each other at last," observed Wharton, with a quiet smile. "Never look so serious, man; the ransom shall be paid to the last rupee, and the ring redeemed at the sum I promised."

During the rest of their journey, which lasted about ten days longer, Absal continued to express the most unbounded confidence in his prisoner; and only looked a little uneasy when the latter indulged his horse with a gallop over the plains.

The hand of the old man no longer wandered in search of his weapon; or if it did, the movement was instantly checked.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

LUKE WHARTON'S LESSON.

A SKETCH FOR EVERYBODY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"I think he would sell himself cheap," said Luke Wharton; and he spoke very warmly.

"What do you mean?" asked Rosanna, his wife.

"I mean just what I say. He would sell himself for money; and I believe he would sell his best friend, too."

"Of whom do you speak, my son?" asked his mother, looking up from her work, and raising her spectacles.

"I am speaking of Mr. Simmons," returned Luke.

"But what have you against him?" the old lady resumed.

"I've got nothing against him. I was only speaking of him just as I thought."

"But did not you know that we should not always tell just what we think, my son? It is not safe."

"I believe it is safe always to tell the truth, no matter where it hits," returned Luke.

"Then it would be proper for me to go out and tell all the things I hear you and your wife say, and all that I see you do, no matter what may be their character?"

"Ah—but that would be infringing upon the sacredness of the domestic circle," said the young man.

"So it would," continued his mother; "and this shows you that there must be exceptions to your rule. The domestic circle is no more sacred than is a man's character. When you *must* speak, then speak the truth, and fear not the consequences; but be careful when you speak, and how you speak. I know that you are very careless, at times, in your manner of speaking of others, and I am sorry it is so. Now answer me this: Would you want Mr. Simmons to know what you had said about him?"

"I shouldn't care," replied Luke; and he spoke hesitatingly.

"Yes, you would care," continued the old lady. "You know that he is a man of much influence in the place, and that he has never wronged you in any way or shape. And your estimation of his character is only formed from what others have said. Now answer me truly: Would you wish that some third party should go and whisper into his ear the scandal which you have spoken concerning him?"

"Well—I don't know as I should; but there's no danger."

"Ah, my son—you don't know how much danger there may be. I am afraid you are as free in speaking to others as you are in speaking to us. Have you not spoken against Mr. Simmons thus?"

Luke was obliged to admit that he had; but he still claimed that there was no danger, and that he had a right so to speak.

"You have no right to speak against your neighbor," said Mrs. Wharton. "And more than this, it is not safe. You will find, as you advance in the world, that you will have difficulties enough to contend with without making enemies needlessly. If you would prosper, and move along through life with honor and respect, let one of your first cares be to see that you speak no evil of your neighbor. Speak ill of no man when duty does not absolutely call upon you so to do. You will find it by far the safest course."

Luke Wharton was a young man, just married, and was clerk in a retail store. He meant to be honorable and truthful, but he had contracted that habit, which so many have foolishly contracted, of speaking very freely and thoughtlessly of his neighbors. In the present case Mr. Simmons, a worthy and respected citizen, had made a movement for retrenchment in the expenses of the town. Luke's employer had been in the habit of furnishing certain articles to the town, and under the new system his bill was likely to fall below the amount he had received in former years. So he thought Mr. Simmons had meddled too much in town affairs, and Luke took up the strain and piped freely upon it. He knew nothing of the causes which had led to Mr. Simmons's course—he only knew that that gentleman's character was before the public, and he went into it. But this was not the only case. A man who can speak recklessly of one individual will speak in the same manner of others; and a man who can thus thoughtlessly speak at one time, is liable so to speak at any time.

Luke Wharton had been for some time anxious to go into some business on his own account, and the opportunity at length presented itself; or, at all events, he saw a chance to make arrangements to that end. His old employer, who had done business enough, was willing to sell out. He told Luke if he could find a partner who would pay cash down for one half of the store, and its good-will, the other half might remain for several years on a mortgage. So Luke cast about him, and he was not long in finding the man he sought. Thomas Lyon, a young man of a neighboring town, was ready to enter into such a partnership, and he considered that the thorough knowledge of the business, and the intimate acquaintance with the customers, which Luke would bring with him, would offset the interest he might have to pay for the money he would be obliged to hire.

It was all arranged, and Luke Wharton was happy. Thomas Lyon would raise the four thousand dollars necessary to be paid down, and he would soon be in a position where he could not only enjoy the honor and satisfaction of doing business for himself, but where he knew he could lay up money. And he was the more satisfied because another party had been talking of purchasing the store.

"I wouldn't trust him as far as I could throw a fat hog!" asserted Luke Wharton. He spoke of Mr. Samuel Lovejoy, a man who lived in a distant part of the town, and who was the individual that had some talk of purchasing the store.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mrs. Wharton.

"I mean just what I say," returned Luke. "I wouldn't trust him an inch."

"But what do you know against him, my son?"

"I know enough. He would have bought our store if he could; and he meant to do it in an underhanded way. He knew that I wanted it, and yet tried to work me out."

"But how do you know this?"

"How do I know? Why—I know it well enough. I know that he went to my employer, Mr. Green, and offered to purchase the whole; and I know that he intimated that I might never be able to pay for my half. I tell you he isn't a man to be trusted."

"I hope you have not spoken thus to any one else," said the old lady, with much earnestness.

"Why do you hope that?"

"Because it would have been very wrong. I know Mr. Lovejoy is an eccentric man, and very set, and even bitter, in his prejudices; but I never heard a lisp against his character for honesty and uprightness. Have you spoken against him out of doors?"

"I've spoken my mind of him," replied Luke, somewhat stubbornly; "and I shall speak so again——"

"Stop!" said his mother. She spoke sternly, but yet tenderly. "Do not say so. You are too free in the use of that tongue of yours. You are not sure that Mr. Lovejoy has spoken one word against you, and you have no right to speak against him. If this should go to his ears it might injure you. If you are going into business it should be your endeavor to make friends, and not enemies. Let me assure you, my son, that you must break yourself of this bad habit. Just look at it in this one light, and you ought not to look further: *It is a habit from which no good can possibly flow, but from which much evil may result.* Isn't that reason enough for giving it up?"

While they were yet speaking the door-bell rang, and the servant soon handed in a letter for Luke Wharton, saying that the postman had just left it. The young man broke the seal, and read as follows:

"FRIEND WHARTON—I am sorry to be obliged to inform you that our plan for purchasing the store in partnership cannot be carried out. I had arranged to have the money of my uncle, Samuel Lovejoy, whom you well know, but he will not now allow me to move as I had intended. I may as well be frank with you as not. He says he will purchase the whole store for me, or he will purchase it and let me take such share as I wish. A week ago he had resigned all his previously formed plans in your favor, but he has met with something which has most suddenly and strangely changed his mind. He simply tells me that he will not trust you in such a business where my money may be at stake. He says, further, that (pardon me, for I must speak frankly) a man who uses his tongue as you use yours would be sure to ruin any business, sooner or later.

"Will you see him, and talk with him. I may see you this week. Yours, THOMAS LYON."

The hand which held the letter sank by Luke's side, and a smothered groan escaped him.

"What is it?" asked his young wife, springing to his side.

"Nothing—nothing now," he whispered; and then he seized his hat and hastened from the room.

What a blow was this. How high had he built his hopes upon the bright prospect before him—how proudly had he dwelt upon the flattering promise of the future—and how heavy was the fall! He paced to and fro in the garden, and finally he reasoned calmly upon the subject. At first he had muttered deep imprecations upon the head of Samuel Lovejoy; but when he came to read the letter again he was forced to think and feel differently. "*A week ago he had resigned all his previously formed plans in your favor*," he read.

"I was mistaken," he said, to himself. "While I thought he was trying to work me out, he was in reality working to help me. He was ready to let Thomas have four thousand dollars to be my partner. What a fool I have been! Why couldn't I have known that he was Lyon's uncle and friend?"

"My son."

Luke started—turned—and beheld his mother.

"What is this?" she asked.

He handed her the letter, and she read it.

"What shall I do?" he said.

"What have you proposed to do?"

"Nothing. I know not what I can do."

"You can give up the store, and all the bright hopes you had based upon it."

"Oh—I cannot do that, mother."

"Then you can do better. Go to Mr. Lovejoy, and tell him frankly that you have been at fault, and that henceforth you will do so no more."

"I cannot."

"Then you must do the other thing—give up all. You have done very wrong, and if you have not the courage to acknowledge it to him against whom the wrong has been done, then you deserve not any favor which he can grant. Think of it, my son; and, as you think, remember this: If you come honorably out from this, it may prove the best lesson you ever received. God be with you, Luke! and may sense and reason prevail."

She left him, and he remained alone there in the garden for half-an-hour. Then he went to the stable and got a horse, and rode away to see Samuel Lovejoy. He found the old gentleman at home, and after he had overcome his embarrassment, he stated the object of his visit.

"You suspected that I meant to work against you, eh?" said Samuel Lovejoy.

"It makes no difference what I suspected," frankly returned Luke. "I did wrong; for I had no right to question your motives; nor had I any right to speak of you as I did. It was spoken thoughtlessly, and I am sorry for it."

"Sorry that I heard of it, eh?"

"No, sir. I am glad that you heard of it, for it has opened my eyes to the greatest fault of my life. But I am sorry that I said it, because it was wrong."

"Well, well," said the old gentleman, "come in. If you really feel in that way, perhaps we can talk."

They went into the house, and the matter was freely discussed. In the end, Luke had pledged himself that he would cast off the evil habit of a loose tongue forever; and Samuel Lovejoy had promised that he should have half of Mr. Green's store, with Thomas Lyon for a partner.

Once more was Luke Wharton happy. He went home with his resolution firmly fixed, and when he had told his wife and mother what had transpired they were happy with him.

Within two weeks the great store bore above its entrance the names of "LYON & WHARTON;" and business flourished, and the new firm prospered. Luke wrote a few words upon a piece of paper, and placed it where his eyes fell upon it daily. It was a Life Lesson which he wrote there—a lesson which thousands of us should learn and practise:—

"SUFFER NO WORD TO ESCAPE THEE OF THY NEIGHBOR WHICH THOU WOULDST NOT HAVE THAT NEIGHBOR KNOW"

* * *

REPASTS OF THE ANCIENTS.

A very remarkable peculiarity in the banquets of the ancients was, their not confining the resources of the table to the gratification of one sense alone. Having exhausted their invention in the confection of stimulants for the palate, they broke new ground, and called in another sense to their aid; and by the delicate application of odors and richly-distilled perfumes, these refined voluptuaries aroused the fainting appetite, and added a more exquisite and ethereal enjoyment to the grosser pleasures of the board. The gratification of the sense of smelling (a sense held with us in very undeserved neglect, probably on account of its great delicacy) was a subject of no little importance to the Romans. An attention to this delicate organ they might have learned from the East, where, from the remotest antiquity, perfumes were considered as one of the indispensable enjoyments of the higher classes of society. The very nature of the climate might have led to this; for, under the influence of a burning sun, the stomach neither requires nor can support much of heavy and substantial food, nor are its demands by any means so pressing as in colder climes. It may not be altogether fanciful to suppose that in those fiery atmospheres strong and aromatic perfumes may possess some alimentary properties, and help in some measure to allay the cravings of appetite. At all events, such a supposition is not altogether out of place in the land of Peris and birds of paradise, which latter are said, according to the beautiful superstition of the country, to live upon the ethereal breath of flowers. However this may be, it is certain that the Romans considered flowers as forming a very essential article in their festal preparations; and it is the opinion of Baccius, that at their desserts the number of flowers far exceeded that of fruits. When Nero supped in his golden house, a mingled shower of flowers and odorous essences fell upon him; and one of Heliogabalus's recreations was to smother his courtiers with flowers, of whom it may be said, "They died of a rose, in aromatic pain." Nor was it entirely as an object of luxury that the ancients made use of flowers; they were considered to possess sanative and medicinal qualities. According to Pliny, Athenæus, and Plutarch, certain herbs and flowers were of sovereign power to prevent the approaches of ebriety, and to facilitate, or, as Baccius less clearly expresses it, clarify, the functions of the brain. Amongst these disintoxicating flowers are enumerated, by the forementioned authors, the rose, the violet, the saffron flower, the myrtle, the parsley, and the ivy. We merely transcribe the names, without vouching for the virtues of these remedies. However, Plutarch has endeavored by a long and elaborate ratiocination to show how the exhalations of certain plants and flowers may facilitate the functions of the brain, and neutralize the usual inebriating qualities of wine. If the fact be as the worthy Cheronean has it, it may not be without its use at certain moderate merry meetings. Hippocrates was also of opinion that floral exhalations are extremely salutary. We are not aware that modern experimentalists have given this subject all the attention that it deserves; and yet it is one of some importance: for if, as we are told, the brain be the seat of the soul, it behooves us to make use of every means that may render its sojourn there commodious, and keep it from the intrusion of such unwelcome visitors as vinous fumes and alcoholic vapors. If the functions of the brain are to be facilitated, and its troubles, written or unwritten, to be razed out by such gentle and agreeable agents as the delicate breath of flowers, away then with the doleful tribes of physicians and pharmacopolists! henceforth our doctors shall be florists, and our apothecaries perfumers. Instead of noxious draughts and stomach-revolting boluses, let us drink the delicate exhalations of a violet, or inhale the rich effluvia of the heliotrope. Let our beds be draperied with fresh-blown roses, and our rooms carpeted with living flowers.

* * *

A WORD OF WARNING.

If females were disciplined, trained on the gospel plan, adorned in modest apparel, guided in life's golden path, seldom if ever would our ears be pained with heart-rending recitals of fallen virtue! Here lies the fault, the guilt, the murder! Mothers suffer little ones to sport on destruction's *brink*, to carry coals of fire in their bosoms. In early infancy, *pride* is fostered; they are tipped off in fine clothing, flirt about in gay and fashionable costume, trinkets and gew-gaws; mingle with the giddy; attend parties of pleasure—the dance, the nightly concert and revel, and are gallanted by unprincipled, licentious young men. These are stepping-stones to disgrace and ruin. Can a man take fire in his bosom and his clothes not be burned? Beware, "lest thou mourn at the last, when thy flesh and thy soul are consumed, and say, How have I hated destruction, and my heart despised reproof."

IDEALIA.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

A voice came out of the South,
A voice like a song in May,
Rippling o'er ledges of beautiful rhyme
To the tunes that the sweet winds play.

And the sweet voice sang—"I come
From the radiant climes afar;
Where the twilight splendor is paled away,
By the wings of the evening star!"

I said—"Oh! poet, come!
These desolate vales of ours
Shall glow 'neath the touch of thy delicate feet,
Like an Eden of Indian flowers!"

The breath of the morn went by—
I felt *his* coming nigher—
And the awful void in the breast of night
Burst into a bloom of fire!

As the sunset dyes the sea,
Till both are lost in flame,
So the roses of my deep heart dyed
The laurels of his name!

As the summer lightnings meet
In the rush of cloud and wind,
So in the gust of a passionate kiss
Our spirits met, and twined!

I leaned from the wild North snows—
"By the kiss of thy ripe young mouth,
I have broken into the crimson core
Of the gorgeous-fronted South!"

And the poet said—"Oh love!
Oh beautiful life of mine!
Come up to the house that is set for us
In the gardens of bliss divine!—

And out of the whirling rains,
From the realm of storm and snow
Hand-in-hand to the wild South land
I and my sweet love go!

Up to our palace fair,
With the gates of fire and pearl,
Where the fadeless splendors of vision-land
Their radiant dreams unfurl!

Four-doored is our royal house,
And one is the blushing East,
And one is the North, and one the South,
And one is the purple West;—

And here together dwell
My glorious love and I,
For the earth and the sea is his and mine,
And the breadth of the boundless sky!

◆

ELEANOR THE FOUNDLING.

CHAPTER I.

A PRESENT.

Ring a ting ling ling, rang the bell, the sound half penetrating the ears of the sleeping porter, and causing him to dream of a fire alarm and a conflagration of half the business portion of the city. Hours seemed occupied with the fearful scenes he witnessed, and yet his dream could have had scarcely more than a minute's duration.

Ring a ting ling ling ling. Whoever was at the door was fully determined to be heard, for before the roused and frightened porter could don the necessary garments and sally forth into the chill air, the peal of the bell a third time resounded through the building. Before its reverberations ceased the old man was fumbling at the lock, with trembling hands that shook from age and cold.

The broad leaf of the door flew back, when the fastenings were removed, opening into the outer vestibule in which the porter stood. Something was suspended from the knob. The old man stooped, and holding low the light, looked at the object hanging there.

It was a basket, the contents covered carefully from view by a linen napkin. On the napkin was pinned a neatly-written label, and on the label was written: "A present for the Home of the Friendless."

The old man took down the basket and deposited it upon the floor of the hall, having first peeped out to see if any one was waiting, and then slowly and deliberately closed and fastened the door again, grumbling all the while at the caprice of the person who had sent his gift at so late an hour of the night. That done, he again took up the basket and returned to his room. Just as he was about to step into bed again, he bethought him to peep into the basket, which probably contained some delicacy for the table of the superintendent. At any rate, he thought he might look at the good things, as he would have no other share in them. Advancing his light close to the side of the basket, he lifted the napkin, and then a wrapping of soft, warm silk. Underneath lay the calm, lovely face of a sleeping infant!

The old man started back, and in his astonishment dropped his lamp. Fortunately it was not extinguished, and lifting it again, he seized the basket in his other hand, and, half-dressed as he was, hurried along the passages toward the apartment of the superintendent. He had considerable difficulty in arousing that good lady, but having succeeded, he placed the basket in her hands. The child had by this time awoke, and commenced demonstrating its existence and presence by loud cries. The old man had but to tell how he found the basket suspended from the handle of the door, for explanation of its contents was unnecessary. Then he returned to his room, shivering and grumbling, and presently was again in a sound sleep. The superintendent had carefully lifted the babe from its bed, and procured some warm milk, which fortunately had been prepared for a sick child, to feed it. The little creature soon sunk to sleep upon her bosom, and she, too, although she had intended to examine the basket, yielded to the drowsy influences of the hour and passed into forgetfulness.

Soon no light except the night-lamp that burned in the sick ward, was to be seen in the large building. Then a dark figure, which had remained hidden in an angle of some opposite buildings, moved slowly away and disappeared in the gloom.

Next morning the contents of the basket were investigated. There were several suits of nicely made infants' clothing of fine material; and, at the bottom, a note addressed to the superintendent. She opened it and read these lines.

"MADAM—I am aware that the institution over which you preside is not a foundling hospital. Nevertheless, as it is called the Home of the Friendless, I intrust to its and your tender mercies the little one accompanying this note. She will be "friendless" soon, except that one from afar will think and care for her. Her name is Eleanor; do not give her any other, for the time may come when she will learn her rightful name. One hundred dollars are deposited at the ——— Bank subject to your order. Use this sum in her behalf, and afterwards there may be more provided, in which case you will be duly notified."

There was no clue to the parentage of the infant, nor to its condition, save that furnished by the fineness of its garments, and the sum of money deposited for its benefit.

Mrs. Graham, the superintendent, resolved to retain the child in her own care, and in this decision the Board of Trustees acquiesced, when the matter was laid before them. The infant was therefore installed in her own apartments, and received the tenderest care.

But the money said to have been deposited in the ——— Bank was not forthcoming. The order of the superintendent, when presented, was met by the teller's curt reply, "No deposit." But by this time Mrs. Graham had become so fondly attached to the beautiful babe, that she did not allow this disappointment to change her resolution.

CHAPTER II.

A NEW LIFE.

"Take me away! oh, take me away! I won't have my pretty curls cut off! Mamma Graham always liked them, and you shan't cut them off."

"Ho, ho, ho! Here's a pretty fuss made by a little pauper! Won't have your curls cut off, eh? I suppose next you'll say you won't have on this nice, comfortable dress," said the coarse, brutal-looking man who, scissors in one hand and a bunch of bright brown curls from the head of a child of six years in the other, was evidently prepared to carry out his orders to cut them off.

"Indeed, then, I won't have on that dress. I never lived with the poor children who wear those dresses, and have all their hair cut off. Mamma Graham said I was not to live here always, and I was her little girl."

"Ah, yes! but the old woman's dead now, and as there's nobody to claim you, you'll have to live with the others. But come I can't wait any longer. Sit down here and I'll have your curls off, all slick and comfortable, in less than two minutes," and he took hold of the child and endeavored to seat her in a chair prepared for the purpose.

The child resisted and her cries resounded through the room, and out into the wide halls of the building. A woman's head was thrust within the door and a threatening gesture and word given to hush the child, for there were visitors in the Institution—patrons who were not to suppose that the little ones within its walls ever shed a tear, or had a wish ungratified. But the girl was not yet accustomed to other discipline than that of her mother-friend, and the harsh gesture and ugly word only caused her to scream louder. The man taking advantage of her terror suddenly seized and seated her in the chair. One stroke of his bright scissors, and a whole handful of her long glossy curls fell to the floor. At that moment the door was thrown open and a group of visitors stood upon the threshold.

"What's this? What's this?" rapidly questioned a middle-aged gentleman, who headed the party, while two young girls sprang past him and stood beside the child.

"Oh! Papa," they exclaimed. "Look at the pretty curls. Don't let the man cut them off. What is he doing it for, little girl?"

The child could not answer, and the assistant who conducted the group said:

"We are going to enter her upon the books of the Institution, this morning, and we always cut off the children's hair and put on the regular dress when they are admitted here."

"Yes, and I do the job of cutting the hair for nothin', and have the clippings for my parquisites," added the man, with a grin.

"But, wait a minute," said the gentleman, with a gesture of strong disgust. "I don't think it necessary to cut off the child's pretty curls."

"But them's valuable," said the man. "Most ways I can only sell the hair to the upholsterers, but curls such as these we don't often find," and he ran his fingers through the long bright ringlets, and lifted his scissors.

"Stop!" said the gentleman, in a tone of stern command, while the young girls placed themselves on each side of the child. "Now who are you, little girl? Haven't you any friends to take care of you? Who brought you here?"

The child looked up, reassured by the kindly tone in which these questions were uttered.

"Please sir," she answered, "I have always lived here. I was mamma Graham's little girl, but now she's dead and they have taken her away, and they are going to make me live with the poor children, and wear that ugly dress, and have my curls, that my mamma loved so well, all cut off. I wish they'd let me go to mamma Graham, I don't love to stay here with these cruel, naughty people."

"Oh papa!" exclaimed the young girls again in concert. "Let us take her away! Let us take her home to live with us!"

"Has she no friends?" inquired the gentleman, turning to the assistant. "I think I have heard something of her history. Wasn't it pretended that a sum of money had been deposited for her, and more promised?"

"Yes, sir," answered the assistant. "But although Mrs. Graham was two or three times notified that there was money for the child at the ——— Bank, none ever was found there. She loved the child—though you can see what a temper she's got, and, I assure you, she's a troublesome creature—and kept her at her own expense. But now that she is dead, and the child has no friends, and we can do nothing better for her than to put her on a footing with the children of the 'Home.'"

"Nobody has any claim upon her, you say. Then I suppose nobody can object if I take her away. There, there, girls, don't go into extacies! You will have all the trouble of her, for mamma can't be annoyed, you know. Take your scissors away, man, do you hear! The child is mine now, and you're not to frighten her any more. I suppose she's got some clothes, eh? Here," slipping a coin into the assistant's hand, "take her away, and get her ready to go home with us. You had better go too, girls. Get the clothes she had when she was brought here, if Mrs. Graham has kept them, or any papers, or anything else she may have that will serve to identify her in case her friends ever trace her out. And be quick, for I am in a hurry."

They all went away—the barber gathering up the handful of curls he had cut off, and saying, in a muttering voice, "I wish I could just have got one more clip. These curls are just the color old Miss Wiggins wanted for her new false front, and there ain't enough here for her, I'm afraid."

A new life opened for little Eleanor in the household of Mr. Loring. She was the pet and plaything by turn of the whole family. Even the invalid, Mrs. Loring, would coax the little one to a seat upon the low stool by her side, and smooth her bright curls with her thin hand, while the child looked up pityingly and wonderingly into her pale face, and listened to the fairy tales, and stories of good boys and girls, which her friend never tired of repeating.

Here the friendless child found friends and a home, and here the bright years of her childhood passed away, in the midst of luxury, and surrounded by affection. The name of her benefactor was bestowed upon her, for he did not consider himself bound by the request contained in the note which had accompanied her to the "Home." She was known as Eleanor Loring, and save by the few who knew something of her early history, she was supposed to be the grand-daughter of her kind protector.

Mr. Loring's elder children, two sons and a daughter, had married before she became a member of the family. After a few years the two young girls who had accompanied their father upon his eventful visit to the "Home," having arrived at womanhood, married also, and left the paternal roof to follow the fortunes and dwell in the homes of their husbands. By that time Mr. and Mrs. Loring had grown aged, and they would have been left quite alone in the large house, whose rooms had once been filled by their merry group of children, but for the sweet girl whom they had adopted. She stood to them in the stead of a child, the most loving, docile, and attentive of little maidens—never so happy as when ministering to the wants of her adoptive parents.

Still, when she had passed through the magic realm of childhood, and stood upon the boundaries of young womanhood, with childish employments and delights behind her, and those upon which she was to enter still a vague, delicious mystery, she might have felt the drear loneliness of that old house, with only the feeble voices of the old man and his invalid wife, and the quiet movements of the well-trained servants, to break the monotony and silence of her life. But then Everett Loring, the old man's orphan grandson, came home to live with his grandparents, and to take charge of the estate, and lift all burdens from the aged shoulders. He was four years older than Eleanor—a thoughtful, studious, earnest youth, whose calm temperament operated as a most excellent balance to her exuberant fancy and careless gayety. How could the two thus brought into daily intimacy, be other than the closest of friends? There were no antagonisms to reconcile, no petty selfishnesses to produce discord, and their different temperaments united like the differing voices of sweet singers to produce a perfect harmony. Eleanor had thought her life full of happiness before, but the coming of Everett Loring infused into it a new element—the last and only one that seemed wanting.

CHAPTER III.

MORE CHANGES, AND A DENOUEMENT.

When Eleanor was twenty years of age Mrs. Loring died. The gentle invalid had been a helpless charge upon the kindness and affection of her friends for many years, but she was not the less deeply and sincerely mourned. Her death caused changes in the household.

It was decided in family conclave, mostly upon the motion and argument of Mrs. Dewey, the eldest and widowed daughter of Mr. Loring, that it was quite improper that a young lady like Eleanor should be the only female in a family one of whose members was a handsome young man. The widow professed her readiness to give up her own house and come home. She would sacrifice her own comfort for the good of the family, she said; while some of the sisters thought, with a smile, that there could be little sacrifice of comfort in exchanging her own narrow establishment, and the frugal mode of living made necessary by a limited income, for the plenty and luxury of her father's house.

Her coming, though ostensibly for Eleanor's benefit, proved a source of constant and irritating discomfort to the poor girl. Mrs. Dewey at once assumed the position and authority of mistress of the mansion, and, as she had never liked Eleanor, and felt a petty and selfish jealousy of the affection bestowed upon her by other members of the family, she had it now in her power, a power she did not hesitate to use, to make the girl most unhappy.

Only for the sake of Mr. Loring, whom she dearly loved and venerated, did Eleanor endure the martyrdom of her life. All helpless as she was, from habit and lack of experience, she would not have hesitated to leave her home and throw herself upon the world, with a reliance upon her own energies. But she had long been Mr. Loring's amanuensis and reader, and she had besides gradually assumed the charge of his apartments and all the comforts which his age required. To part with her, she knew, would break his heart, and for his sake she bore all.

There was another for whom that home would have been bereft of its sunshine if Eleanor had gone from it. Everett Loring had learned to love the gay, light-hearted girl more than a sister. She had become the light of his eyes and the joy of his heart, and no sooner had he detected the shadow upon her fair young face than he set about investigating its cause. He could gain no clue to the matter by questioning her, but when he sought an explanation of Mrs. Dewey, his efforts were better rewarded. In the complaints and accusations which that astute lady saw fit to make against Eleanor, of her meanness and selfishness, and her designs upon her grandfather's property, and upon his own heart and expected inheritance, he received ample explanations of the sadness and bitterness of spirit which had cast such a shadow over the girl's sunny face.

He soon found that any attempt to explain or meet the accusations of Mrs. Dewey but added to her prejudices and determined dislike toward the innocent object of her persecutions; and at last he wisely forebore. But he sought Eleanor in her grandfather's study, and asked her to walk with him to visit some of the poor people upon the estate, to whom she had been long the almoner of Mr. Loring's bounty. He was at no loss to account for her refusal, but was not the less pleased when she finally consented to go, that it was at the repeated request of Mr. Loring.

They went out together, and during that walk Everett found means to tell her all his hopes and wishes. Her surprise, timidity and hesitation all convinced him that she had harbored no such designs as his aunt had charged her with. At last he drew from her a reluctant consent to become his wife with his grandfather's approval, and in the long and confidential conversation that followed, he became well assured that Mrs. Dewey's vile insinuations had made her fear to accept his suit, lest her motives should be construed into the base designs of a female fortune-hunter.

Mr. Loring was made happy by being informed of the love and wishes of his children, as he loved to call them, on their return. He most gladly gave his consent to the marriage, with the feeling not only that the pair were well suited to each other, but that their union would lift a heavy burden from his dying thoughts, by providing for Eleanor a suitable and loving protection. But Mrs. Dewey's rage was beyond words. To know that all her efforts had been vain, that her morning's conversation with her nephew, meant to introduce the first suspicion, and serve as the entering wedge of separation between those young hearts, had but precipitated the result she deprecated, while Eleanor was more firmly established in the house and family than ever before, was more than that amiable creature could well endure. Her first impulse was to throw up the housekeeping cares and dignities, and vacate her apartments. But on further thoughts she decided that, as her reign in any event was likely to be short, she had better enjoy the luxuries and privileges of her present home as long as possible. So she wisely concluded to stay, and putting on the face of an injured and abused woman, she went to take her place at the head of the dinner table.

"I wish you to be married as soon as the necessary preparations can be made," said Mr. Loring to the youthful pair. "I know that Eleanor will want time to prepare a deal of finery, for the purchase of which she will find the means in this little pocket-book, but as soon as all is ready let the wedding take place. I am old, and my days are numbered, and I would fain see my children happy, and transfer my little Eleanor to the protection of a husband before I go hence. Shall it be so? Will my children gratify the old man?"

What could Everett do but consent to that which he himself most desired? How could Eleanor refuse the request of one whose lightest word had always been her law? So the time was fixed for one month from the day of betrothal—time enough, Eleanor said, for her simple preparations, and time enough, Everett declared, to wear out all his small stock of patience.

The evening before the bridal, the bride sat alone in her chamber, when a note was handed to her. She opened it and read:—

"A dying man wishes to make restitution to you for a great wrong, the wrong of years. Before you receive this he will have gone beyond the power of human condemnation. Keep his secret for the sake of the living, and the blessing of a good deed done shall rest upon your spirit. For twenty-one years sums of money have been received at irregular intervals for deposit in the ——— Bank. As President of the Bank, they have always been sent to me, and I have wickedly withheld them because I knew that you, for whom they were designed, were receiving from charity all that your wants required, and because I could retain the money undetected. Now I feel that I cannot die without making restitution. You will find the sum of twelve thousand dollars deposited, subject to your order, in the ——— Bank. That is the amount, with interest, of all I have from time to time received."

To this strange document the name of the President of the ——— Bank was appended. When Eleanor went down to lay this letter before Mr. Loring, he showed her, in the evening paper just received, a notice of the death of this gentleman, and Eleanor knew that the letter had been sent to her as soon as he was no more. It may be well to state here, that the sum named was found placed in her name at the Bank.

Next morning the bridal party were preparing to leave the house, when a handsome casket and a note, directed to Miss Eleanor Hepburn, were handed to the bride. Inquiries were made, and it was found that a messenger had left them at the door, saying that they were for the bride, and had immediately gone away. By the request of Everett Loring, Eleanor opened them. The casket contained a magnificent parure of pearls and diamonds, with the accompanying necklace and bracelets, and the note a simple request, without signature, that the bride should wear them.

"This may have been planned by Mr. ——," said Everett, "as a further act of restitution. Had you not better comply with the request?"

"But the name, dear Everett, the name," said Eleanor. "What can that mean?"

But no one could solve the mystery, and, as the hour has already arrived for the wedding, Eleanor returned to her room, where her attendants hastily arranged the jewels, after which the party proceeded at once to the church.

They stood before the altar and all the preliminary questions had been answered, until the clergyman asked the customary question, "Who gives this woman to this man?" Mr. Loring had the hand of the bride already in his own, when a tall, dark man of middle age, with hair thickly strewn with gray, stepped forward and took his place.

"It is fitting that the father should bestow his child upon the man of her heart," he said. "I give my only daughter, Eleanor Hepburn, to Everett Loring, in accordance with that right."

All looked upon the stranger with surprise and astonishment, but as he stepped quickly back, and stood with folded arms outside the circle, Everett motioned that the service should be proceeded with. In a few moments it was concluded. Everett pressed his first kiss upon his wife's brow, and the friends present crowded around with smiles and congratulations.

"I will meet you at Mr. Loring's," whispered the dark man. "I would greet my child in private." Wrapping his cloak about him he went out, and the bridal party speedily followed.

An hour after Mr. Hepburn held the daughter, whom he had not looked upon for more than twenty years, in his arms. He caressed her, and smoothing back her brown curls devoured her features with his long, sad gaze.

"Yes, child," he repeated for the twentieth time, "you are very like your mother, so like that, as I hold you thus, my own wedding-day seems to return to me, and I hold my bride once more to my heart. And yet it is more than twenty years since she died, and left me in poverty, with only her little wailing babe to remind me of the past, with all its wealth of love and joy, and its bitter disappointments and deep griefs. I put half of all I had in the ——— Bank, and left my child to the care of the Superintendent of the Home of the Friendless. Then, a heart-broken man, I went away to lose myself somewhere in the world, with only one hope—to work for my child, and to meet her on some distant and happier day. I have been wildly tossed by chance and change, and fortune has shown me all her proverbial fickleness. But I have never forgotten my child, nor my purpose. I repeatedly sent sums of money, until I learned that my child had been received into the family of Mr. Loring. Then I resolved to retain all, to amass a great fortune, for which the prospects were then opening, and then to return to give it to her, and to reward her generous benefactors. And I am here at last, only to give my child to another; and to find myself, when on the threshold of happiness, so long hoped for and delayed, more utterly alone than ever before."

With tears and protestations, Eleanor clung to Mr. Hepburn, and her husband joined in her solicitations that he should never leave them. He consented to remain for a time, and on seeing how happily Eleanor lived, he decided on purchasing a neighboring estate and taking up his abode with her. The estate is settled upon her, and when Mr. Loring, who is now very old and feeble, departs this life, Eleanor and her husband will go to reside with Mr. Hepburn. At present the two families are closely united, and Mr. Hepburn often asserts that the happiness of his life now almost compensates for the toil and loneliness of his years of exile. Eleanor's eldest child bears the name of the beautiful young mother whom she never saw, and another is called Lucy Graham, for the kind friend of her infancy; while the Institution in which her earlier years were passed has received substantial marks of the remembrance of herself and father. And everybody is happy and content, save Mrs. Dewey; and she sour, discontented, lonely, embittered toward all the world and envious of the peace and happiness she cannot enjoy, is reaping the reward which usually follows acts like hers.

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TRUST GOD.—I could write down twenty cases, says a pious man, when I wished God had done otherwise than he did; but which I now see, had I had my own will, would have led to extensive mischief.

FAITHFUL DOGS.

A country store took fire at night, several years ago, in a small town near Cape May, in which a fine dog was accustomed to sleep, as a guard. His bed was regularly made under the counter, and directly beneath the money-drawer. On hearing the alarm, the neighbors rushed in, and made every effort to extinguish the flames. The dog was called; but he would not come out; and the son of the shop-keeper found it necessary to drag him out by force. Even then he could not be prevented from returning, until he was tied fast with a rope, at some distance from the spot. The fire raged, and occupied the attention of all present. At length it gained the ascendency; and the store was burnt to the ground. On looking for the dog, he was missing; but a piece of the rope was found, which bore marks of his teeth; and it proved that he had gnawed it until he obtained his release. Among the ruins were afterwards discovered his bones.

In Troy, New York, some years since, a house was discovered to be on fire, very early one morning, by small clouds of smoke issuing from the lower windows. The doors having been burst through, fire was found burning on the floor; and the noise of a dog was heard, in a piteous tone, like a sound of distress. The fire was soon extinguished; when it was found, from appearances too plain to be misunderstood, that some sticks of wood, which had been placed near a stove to dry, had taken fire from it, probably an hour or more before the alarm; and the dog had made surprising efforts to extinguish them. The floor was wet, where he had overset a pail of water, which had been left there; and the sticks were scattered in different places, where he must have thrown or carried them; as his paws, nose and mouth were so badly burnt, that he offered a sad spectacle, and showed signs of suffering much pain. With all the kind care taken of him, it was a considerable time before they could be healed. The paws were so severely burnt, that it was concluded he must have used them in repeated attempts to extinguish the fire, by scratching off the red-hot coals, and, perhaps, as was conjectured by some observers, by covering the fire with his feet, to keep it down. Whatever may have been the fact in respect to this, the case was unquestionably one of extraordinary canine sagacity.

One of the most wonderful and affecting anecdotes I ever heard of dogs, was told me by a lady well acquainted with the family in whose house the incidents accurred. It found its way into at least one newspaper at the time, but I never since have seen any allusion to it.

Mrs. S., who resided in the village of Athens, opposite Hudson, New York, had a fine Newfoundland dog, which was a great favorite, and a faithful guardian of the house. Being about to make a visit to a friend in Hudson, one winter's day, she took the precaution to call the dog into the cellar, that he might not suffer from the cold during the night, as she intended to return the next morning. She placed a plate of meat and a vessel of water on the floor, which she showed him, that he might eat and drink when he pleased. Hudson river had been frozen so hard for some time, that the lady crossed it on the ice; but in the course of the night it broke up, and it was impossible to recross the river the two succeeding days. On the third, though contrary to the earnest remonstrances of her friends, she went over in a boat, feeling apprehensive that her dog might have suffered from hunger. Entering her house, she hastened to the cellar, and called the dog, but heard no sound; and, on opening the door, was much shocked at seeing him stretched on the floor, apparently lifeless. But, what astonished her most of all, was to discover that the plate of meat and the vessel lay before him entirely untouched, his forepaws being stretched out on both sides of them, as if to keep them safely. As she approached he showed feeble signs of life; but he was unable to stand or rise, and evidently almost at the last gasp.

His mistress was quite overcome by her feelings, for she saw unquestionable evidence that the faithful creature had misunderstood her intention in placing the food before him, and supposed that it was left with him to keep safely until her return. He had therefore spent his time in watching it, and, although famishing, as he must have been for many hours, had not taken a morsel of the meat or a drop of the water. He was so nearly starved to death that the utmost caution and care were found necessary to save his life and restore him to health and strength.

T. D.

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PYRAMIDS OF SNAKES.

BY AN OLD HUNTER.

I was once traveling about one hundred and fifty miles this side of the Rocky Mountains, when my fellow-traveler, the (since) famous Kit Carson, told me the following story, and, as near as I can remember, in the language in which I have expressed it:

"Do you see that are knoll yonder?" asked my companion, as we were riding over an irregular surface—"that knoll there, just in a range with the big rock?"

"Yes," I replied; "I suppose I know which you mean."

"Well," said he, "I see a sight there once, that I reckon you would have looked at."

"What was it?"

"Why, I saw something standing up from the ground that I couldn't make anything of; and I heard a strange kind of a hissing noise come from it. So I rode up to it; and what should it be but a great heap of snakes, wound in and out, all together, every one of 'em with his head stuck outside, and their mouths all open, and their tongues moving about, all hissing together; I heard the noise a mile after I left them."

"Can that be so?" I asked.

"This aint a hoss to lie," replied Kit, with gravity. "You never heard me say what wasn't true, did you? It was just as I tell you, although 'twas the first and the last thing of the sort I ever see. I rode round it and round it; and there the snakes staid, all pretty much so. I couldn't find out what they wanted, nor what they were tryin' to do. Whether they were frightened, or angry, or only playing, I couldn't tell."

"Why, strange indeed it was!" said I. "How many snakes were there, and what was the size and shape of the heap they made?"

"I didn't count 'em," replied Kit; "but there must have been a thousand, and probably more than two. The heap they made was about twenty foot through on the ground, and grow'd smaller and smaller as it rose, about the shape of them lumps of sugar you used to sell in your store in Missouri. The top was higher'n my head, now as I sit here on this mule. I rode round and round it, as I said; and I aren't the man to be scar'd by no kind o' varmint, take 'em single. I've faced a'most every kind of 'em there is on the prairies and mountains, and in the woods; but when I see such a sight of 'em, I thought it was time to go; and I turned my mule's head, and soon got out o' sight of 'em, hearin' 'em hiss, as I said, for more'n a mile."

BROOKLET OF OUR JOYS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"The brook of the willows."—Isaiah xv, vii.

With a pleasant, murmuring noise,
Glides the brooklet of our joys,
Sparkling in the sunlight sheen,
Fring'd with flowers and fleck'd with green;
Yet its beauteous banks along,
Here and there, with fibres strong,
Still the tree of weeping droopeth,
And to kiss its forehead stoopeth.

Early Spring the current swells,
Brimming o'er in crystal wells,
Sultry Summer checks its flow,
Brooks decrease—but willows grow.

Hartford, Sept. 10th, 1858

THE DEVIL'S PASS.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

I once met, during my travels, with a gentleman, some five-and-thirty years of age, whose hair was perfectly white. The chance remark of travelers brought us into conversation, in the course of which I told him I did not wish to be considered inquisitive, but I really had a curiosity to know by what accident or freak of nature his hair had become so prematurely white.

"That question, sir," he replied, "has been repeatedly put to me, and never do I attempt to answer it, but a cold shudder creeps through my frame, as I recall the awful event which turned my hair, once jet black, to its present snowy hue. The story is a thrilling one, and will doubtless interest you."

I assured him that its recital would give me great gratification.

"I am by birth an Englishman," he proceeded, "and from my youth upward I always had an inclination to become a traveler—to see something of the great world around me. At the age of twenty-five business called me to Montevideo, in South America; and while there, feeling in the mood for adventure, I resolved to strike off from the beaten path of travel, and journey directly across the country to Santiago, the capital of Chili, and thence to Valparaiso.

"Crossing the mouth of the Rio de la Plata in a fishing smack, I was landed safely in Buenos Ayres, from which place I started out on my perilous journey. In passing over the Pampas, those vast tracts of level plain which resemble the Steppes of Asia, and over which roam countless herds of wild cattle, I experienced numberless hardships and many narrow escapes; but after several weeks of travel, I finally came into the flourishing city of Mendoza, situated at the foot of the Andes.

"After remaining some three weeks in this city, I began to tire of its monotonous rounds; and hiring another guide, I set off for the capital of Chili.

"The first day brought us fairly among the rocky paths of the mountains, and as we advanced the travel became more dangerous and tedious. For some two or three days we toiled upward—now winding in and out of tortuous passes, whose rocky sides towered above us for hundreds of feet—and now gliding down steep slides, where we were obliged to trust to the instincts of our mules for safety.

"At length Mateo, my guide, announced to me that we had gained the highest ascent of our passage, and were now to commence our descent. This was welcome intelligence to me; and camping where we were, we set forward the next morning at an early hour; but we had not traveled far, when I was startled by my guide exclaiming:

"'*Santissima Virgen!* what have we here?'

"To my inquiry as to the cause of his exclamation, he pointed to a large rock, which had at some previous time been disengaged from the precipice above, and now lay directly in our path.

"'Ha! what is to be done now?' said I, in dismay.

"'We cannot pass—we must go back, Senor!'

"Go back? give up our journey? Is there, then, no other route?'

"'There is one other—*El Paso del Diablo*—(The Pass of the Devil)—but no Christian likes to venture along that, Senor?' said my superstitious guide.

"'Is it dangerous?'

"'There is danger everywhere, Senor; but on this there is more than earthly danger; it is supposed to be haunted by the Evil One!' and Mateo crossed himself devoutly.

"'Pshaw! if that be all,' laughed I, 'I would take the route from choice; and I certainly shall insist upon following it now, since to inclination is added necessity.'

"It was less easy, however, to persuade my guide to take the Devil's Pass than I had at first supposed; but partly by an offer of extra pay, and the remainder by threats, I prevailed upon him to show me through what he considered the horrors of the mountains.

"'But remember, Senor,' he solemnly added, as he again devoutly crossed himself, 'if your worship finds yourself a doomed man, it is not the fault of poor Mateo! You have been warned—and may the saints be merciful!'

"With this he turned the mules, and we retraced our steps for several hours, Mateo gloomy and sullen, and myself in no very pleasant frame of mind.

"At length we reached the point where we were to turn off from the more traveled route; and as Mateo announced the fact, he sullenly added:

"'Since your worship insists upon trying the dangers of the haunted path, your worship, I trust, has the courage to lead!'

"'I have no fear of anything supernatural,' said I; 'but if you think to desert me, Mateo, remember I am armed, a dead shot, and a desperate man!'

"With this I turned the pack-mule into the pass, followed next on another, and permitted my frightened guide to bring up the rear.

"For an hour or two nothing unusual happened, and we had made several steep descents in safety, when suddenly my guide called out in a voice of alarm, at the same time pointing to a large gray bird, slowly flapping his wings above us:

"'Beware, Senor! yonder is the vanguard of the Evil Spirit!' and halting his mule, he crossed himself several times, and repeated several short prayers.

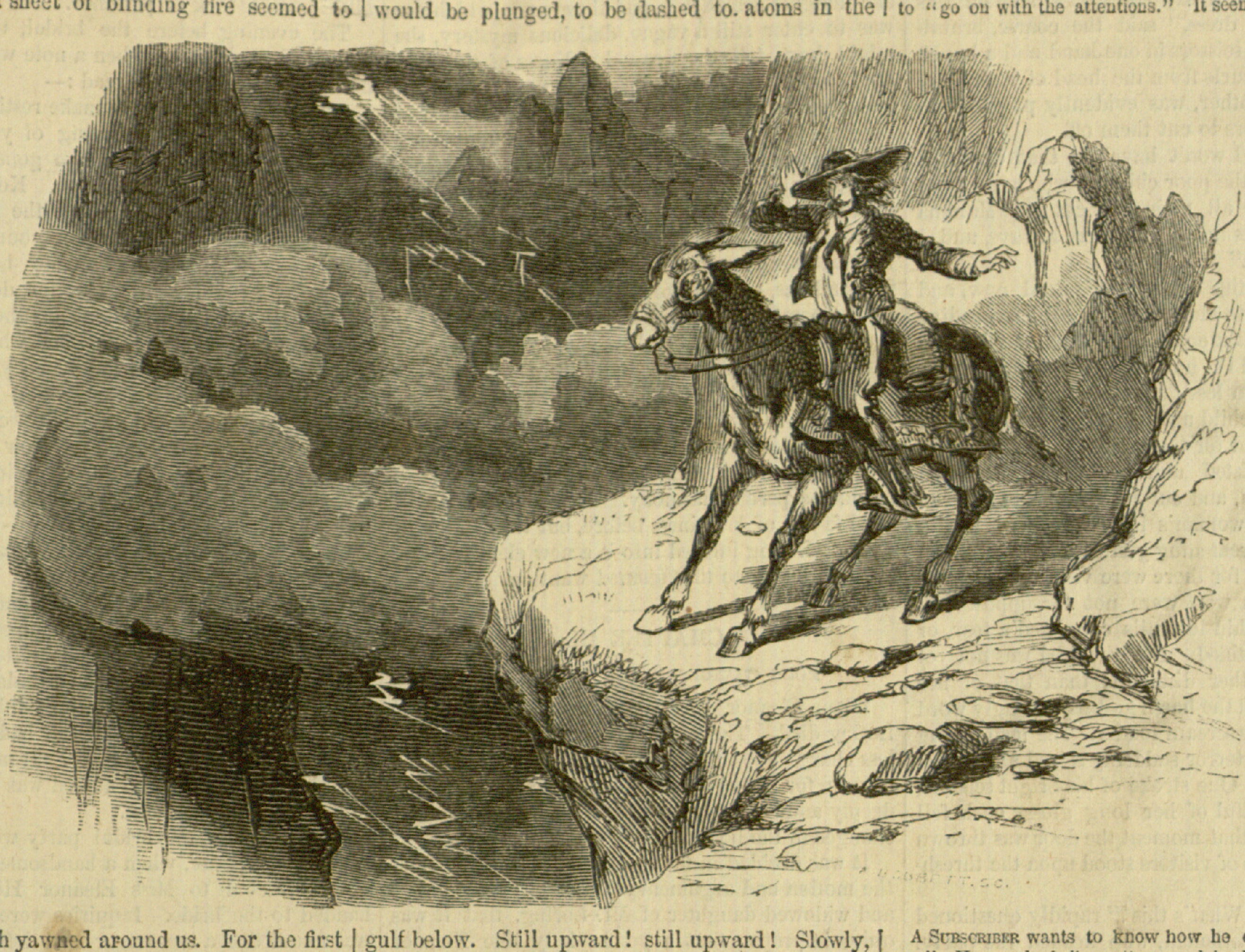
"Finding he was really frightened, I assumed a light tone of raillery, which I fancied was not without its good effects; and again setting forward, we were soon sliding down another steep and dangerous inclination of solid rock, at whose base commenced a long and tortuous path, on either side of which the black and jagged rocks rose to an immense hight.

"As we entered this gloomy path, a low murmur was heard, as it might be the deepest tone of an æolian harp, followed by a sort of lifting of the atmosphere, and an almost imperceptible light, which gleamed between the dark walls of rock on either side of us.

"'*Valgame Dios!*' cried my guide, in accents of despair; 'it is coming! Quick, Senor, for the love of Heaven! let us pass the Spectre-tree before we are lost!'

"I confess it, I now began, in spite of reason, to feel a little superstitious myself; and pushing forward the mules, we were soon hurrying through that fearful pass, which, though scarcely more than a quarter of a mile in length, to me then seemed interminable.

"We had got almost half way through it, when for an instant a sheet of blinding fire seemed to fill the whole chasm, enveloping us in a sulphurous flame; and the next moment there followed a crash as of the rending of the rocky mountains to atoms.



"I now comprehended our situation; and urging my mule into a faster pace, I strained my eyes eagerly for an opening—an escape from this horrible grave—while flash after flash lit up our way with an unearthly glare, and crash upon crash rolled with deafening power through the hundred fissures, chasms, and gorges which yawned around us. For the first time I trembled, and half distractedly gazed upward, expecting every moment to see the overhanging and seemingly tottering rocks roll down and crush us. With shouts and blows I urged on the sure-footed mules, till we began to near the outlet of the terrible pass, when suddenly our beasts slackened their pace, as if unwilling to approach some awful danger ahead.

"Good heavens! had we not passed the danger already? was it still in the road? The pack-mule was yet in advance, and as I neared the mouth of the gorge, I saw her place her feet together, and suddenly disappear. Great God! she had fallen over a precipice, and we were close upon it!

"'Let your mule have her own way, and keep steady, Senor?' yelled Mateo.

"Scarcely were the words uttered, when my mule sprung out of the chasm, and placing her feet together, in an instant was gliding down the longest, steepest and most dangerous path we had trodden—a path which seemed to run over the very verge of the terrible abyss beyond! Involuntarily, as it were, I closed my eyes and prayed. Suddenly my mule stopped; and looking up, I saw that we had landed on a narrow ledge of rocks, which sprung out of the wall-like precipice and wound along its face, just leaving room enough for a single mule to pass at a time. At about the distance of a hundred yards in front, I beheld the tree alluded to by Mateo, which was a species of mountain pine that had taken root some ten feet below the edge of the rocky shelf, and grown some fifteen feet above it, covering the way with its sombre foliage. The fore mule, which I supposed had fallen over the precipice, I now perceived standing close to this tree, but motionless as the rock supporting her. What did this mean? I was about putting the question to my guide, when he called out, in a quick and excited tone:

"'Do not tarry, Senor! On! on! for the love of Heaven!'

"As he spoke these words, the gray bird of evil omen swept past us with an awful, piercing shriek, and the rain began to descend in torrents. With a cry of despair, Mateo halted his animal, and immediately began to cross himself, and call upon *todos los Santos* to save him.

"During this time I was advancing along the path, and had got within a few yards of the tree, when a thick cloud completely enveloped me, and another blinding flash lit up the awful gloom, accompanied rather than followed by a stunning crash of thunder, as if the whole artillery of heaven had been combined in one dread explosion. I fancied I felt the ledge on which we were standing tremble; and the moment the thick vapor raised, I looked eagerly forward to the tree. It was gone, sir! the mule, too, was gone! and my feelings I leave you to fancy, on finding that some twenty feet of the ledge before me had been struck from the precipice, and hurled into the awful gulf beneath.

"But if terror seized me on looking forward, judge of my horror on looking back! Shall I ever forget the scene that at once paralyzed me! Some twenty yards distant was my guide, his face white with terror, and his finger extended to the gulf which now divided us—for the same terrible power which had dislodged the rock before me, had crumbled it away behind, and I was now sitting my mule upon a single crag which projected from the face of the precipice. Above me rose the jagged and blackened rocks to the hight of some two hundred feet—below me yawned a terrible abyss, at least a thousand feet in depth—while around me played the forked lightnings, crashing thunders, howling winds, and beating rain.

"Motionless with horror I sat upon my doomed and patient mule, expecting every moment to be hurled into the abyss below; and above the shriekings and roarings of the terrible tempest, I heard the voice of poor Mateo endeavoring to console and encourage me. I could now and then catch a word, to the effect that if I would keep quiet, and not lose my presence of mind, I might still be saved; and he would go for help, and return to to my rescue.

"The moment he ceased speaking he turned and disappeared; and for what seemed an age I sat upon my mule, without the least motion, but with such sensations as cannot even be imagined. Alone among the Andes, on a narrow, tottering shelf—two hundred feet of overhanging rock above and a thousand of precipice below—amid a flashing, crashing, roaring, beating tempest—may my worst enemy never suffer what I did then and there!'

"At length the storm abated; and soon after, I heard the sound of a human voice far above me. Looking upward, I beheld the waving of something white. I shouted with all my might, and the signal disappeared. A few minutes later a rope began to descend to me, with a stone attached to steady it. As it neared me, hope for the first time began to revive; and after several unsuccessful attempts to grasp it, I at length succeeded. Need I attempt to describe my strange feelings of joy when I felt that I was nearly saved?

"Deliberately, and securely, I fastened the cord around my body, under my arms; and then making sure that it would not give way, I gave the signal to those above that all was ready.

"Gradually I felt the line tighten. Then I was lifted from my mule. Then slowly, slowly, I moved upward. Should I be saved at last? Great was the danger still—for the rocks above me projected out sharply, the rope might be cut at any moment, and then down, down the awful abyss I would be plunged, to be dashed to atoms in the gulf below. Still upward! still upward! Slowly, steadily, I was nearing safety! and at last I could hear the voice of my faithful guide calling out encouragingly:

"'We'll save you, Senor! be steady! do not faint! a few moments more!'

"Slowly, cautiously, I was nearing the top of the precipice, and the deep breathings and broken exclamations of my preservers now reached my ears.

"At last I arrived at the level of the precipice, but found myself still dangling over the abyss, held only by a slender cord, which was run out over the crotch of a small tree that projected several feet beyond the edge of the rocky wall.

"'Senor,' said Mateo, in a calm, firm voice, 'the danger is not all past; but we can save you, provided you keep perfectly cool and firm.'

"'I will do so,' said I.

"He now hurriedly proceeded to make a running noose at the end of a piece of thick rope. When he had finished it, he tried it several times, till satisfied of its safety. Then fastening it to a long pole, and stepping to the extreme edge of the precipice, he said:

"'Senor, take this in your right hand, and pass your legs through it; then raise it gently, and hold it firmly, while we draw it in; and when it is tight about your body, take hold of the trunk of the tree and climb in to the rock. The rope is strong, and you will be saved; but forget not to be firm and steady!'

"I followed the directions of my faithful guide; and as soon as all was properly arranged, I gave the signal, and was drawn up to the trunk of the tree.

"Now commenced the struggle. I grasped the slender trunk, and drew myself upon it; then cautiously crept along its narrow way, till I neared the rock; but as safety came nearer, my strength began to leave me.

"I was within a step of the rock, when I stopped, and felt strangely, as if I were flying. My preservers, seeing my danger, with a sudden convulsive jerk pulled me violently in, and I was caught in the arms of my faithful guide.

"Looking at him wonderingly for an instant, I gasped, 'God bless you, Mateo! saved!' and immediately swooned.

"When I awoke to life and consciousness, Mateo, with superstitious wonder and alarm, informed me that, if I was saved from death, I was not from the mark of the Evil One, whose terrible domains I had entered so boldly, to be rescued only by his exertions, and the saints whose holy aid he had invoked; and on my asking for an explanation, he placed his hand upon my head, and replied:

"'Senor, the snows of eighty years are upon you!'

"Still unable to gather his meaning, I took from my pocket a small mirror, and found that my hair, a few hours ago so black, had been changed, during the agony of my peril, to the color which you now perceive.

"Such, sir," concluded the narrator, "is the history of the most terrible event of my life."

IN THE STREET.

Men! men! men! how countless their number—how they crowd the streets. Here, there, everywhere, they go through all the avenues of the fermenting city, each jostling his fellow. Jew, gentile, black and white, hustled together here, swept asunder there, hurrying, hurrying on. Some calling out their wares; some exhibiting their merchandise; some discussing bargains; all intent upon gain. And well they may be, for gain—*gold* is as life, and he who has it not may go hang himself, for he can neither eat, nor be clothed, nor be sheltered without gold.

But there is a point beyond which none may pass. How near is this old man, whose eager, cunning eyes tell of a consummate greed for gain, to the hour when his feet must fail to carry him to this busy market, and his hands fall powerless, and his heart lie down quiet forever? How near is this young man to his death? and this one, gray in the midst of his days, with deep furrows plowed by sorrow, anxiety and care in his broad brow, to the hour when all that binds and frets his soul shall fall away, and he shall lie down to die. "How long, oh, Lord! how long?" We ask in vain. There comes no answer; but all is clear and plain before Him. Little did the passengers of the ill-fated "Austria" dream that it was to their death they went when they embarked in the doomed vessel. Could they have seen the fate to which they were hastening, with what altered feelings had they passed their last hours.

How diverse the paths of the many spirits suddenly freed from flesh in that sore destruction. Those scorching flames—that fearful plunge! Oh, mortal men, *why will ye* live as though this life were all, and were yours forever? A. H.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

New Yorker.—The only thing for a man to do who has loved, and still devotedly loves, a woman *who loves another*, and who does not and will not love him, is to bear his disappointment and grief as bravely as he can. It is a hard fate—there is no question as to that; but a *man* should be above whining, and never give way to despair or despondency. Acknowledge to yourself that there is no hope in your longer loving, and *no use* in your continuing to love, the young lady in question, and you will begin to recover from your misery very soon.

O. L.—If you choose to continue paying attentions to a young lady who will take no notice of you at all, you are privileged to do so, until she requests you to stop; but you must be your own judge as to whether it will "pay" or not to "go on with the attentions." It seems to us that you would do better to invest your "attentions" somewhere where they will yield a more bountiful return.

Cora.—The "young fellow" is probably in love with you. *That* would account for his silence, abstraction, apparent coldness, shyness, and the other disagreeable traits and manifestations which you specify.

Claimant.—As one of the creditors of the deceased you have a right to demand an exhibition of his accounts and the state of his affairs of the administratrix. Your lawyer would soon put things in a proper train.

Nellie.—A cravat, a pair of razors or slippers, a dressing-case, or a Bible, would be an appropriate philopœna present to a young gentleman.

A Subscriber wants to know how he can "obtain courage." He says he believes it was ordained that he should be a coward, for though he has wished and longed for a brave heart, he cannot get one. He cannot stand up for his rights, and when imposed upon and grossly insulted, till his heart quivers with shame and agony, he cannot pluck up courage enough to resent the outrage. We have no idea how such a person is to "obtain courage." Your excessive timidity seems to be a matter of constitution. It might, however, be overcome, could you get into some terrible danger, from which you would *have to fight your way out* We have heard of such constitutional cowards having been thus cured—one, particularly, who got by accident into a bear's den, had a desperate fight with bruin, came off victorious, and from that time forth feared not the face of man or the claws of beast.

J. F. L.—As the young lady has told you she intended no insult in doing as she did, and as, according to your own statement, her offense was unintentional, and committed through ignorance and embarrassment, you should overlook the matter, and not endeavor to perpetuate the difficulty, or force her into making an apology. You did right in remaining to accompany her home. She should have treated her lover only with the same courtesy she exhibited towards yourself, as you, on that occasion, stood in the relation of her companion, protector, or beau.

An Orphan.—According to your statement the young man is not to be trusted at all. He who will pay the most particular attentions to a girl for two years or for one year, and induce her to believe by "actions which speak louder than words" that he intends to marry her, and then say "he hopes she has not supposed him *serious* in his attentions," &c., &c., is not the kind of a man for a woman to build her hopes of happiness upon.

Roderick Dhu.—We have never seen, and know nothing about, the "great glass" in the saloon you mention; and as the place is as accessible to you as to us, we will leave to you the task of ascertaining "its length, breadth and thickness." We do not make a practice of mentioning saloons or any similar places, in the Ledger, as we have determined not to do any kind of advertising in our columns.

All Gone.—As the young lady seems to be determined to marry a rich man, and will not marry a poor one, the best thing for you to do, in order to secure her hand, is to set about making a fortune as speedily as possible. If she should get married in the meanwhile, your fortune would not probably do you any harm, and it might be of use in regard to some other lady.

B.—Wants to know, in case three men have to carry a stick of timber thirty feet long and of equal thickness from one end to the other, two of the men to carry by a lever placed under the timber, and the third to take hold of the further end, how far from the ends of the timber the lever must be placed so each of the three men shall carry the same weight.

Flat S.—We do not know any country that "is good for speculations." Speculation is not desirable anywhere. It begets restlessness, discontent, and demoralization, and in ninety-nine cases in a hundred ends in bankruptcy. You had better go to work at some honest, straightforward business. Copies of the Ledger can be obtained as far back as June, 1857

Dairy maid.—The person who informed you that yellow butter, whether made in Goshen or elsewhere, is *dyed* to give it that tint, was probably practising on your credulity. When cows are fed on rutabaga turnips, corn meal, and some other articles of food, a rich golden color is imparted to the cream, and the same hue appears in the butter.

Young America.—The avowal by your affianced wife that she loves another man better than she loves you, is a quite sufficient excuse for the non-fulfillment of the marriage contract by you. You would be very indiscreet to marry her under such circumstances, and trust to the possibility of winning her love after she should become your wife.

Minnie.—It was very injudicious in you to send your address to a stranger, or to take any notice of such an advertisement. You should now let the matter drop. If he writes to you pay no attention to his letter; and if he calls on you, decline to see him. If he persists in attempting to see you, state the case to your parents, and follow their advice.

S. & M.—Such a charge against the character of a girl would subject the maker of it to prosecution for slander, and if it could be proved that he made it, a jury would be certain to give her heavy damages. You should warn her against the villain.

A. F. W.—The "Hippocratean oath" is the oath taken by a physician, before receiving his diploma or license to practice medicine, that he will never divulge the secrets of a patient. It is called "Hippocratean" from Hippocrates, the founder of the science of medicine.

J. B. H.—A young man who is engaged to be married should not "take another young lady to a ball, or other place of amusement." He should do nothing of the kind, except with the full consent and hearty approbation of his betrothed.

Amicus.—The Astor Library is the only one in this city to which all strangers are admitted gratuitously. The four numbers in geometrical proportion whose sum is fifteen, and the sum of whose squares is eighty-five, are 1, 2, 4 and 8.

E., Sadsburyville.—There is a line of steamers running from New York to New Orleans. The fare in first cabin is about $80. You should engage your passage before the day of sailing.

Q.—It would not be improper for a man to send a woman with whom he was corresponding on matrimonial or other affairs, postage stamps wherewith to prepay her replies to his letters.

W. H. D.—No harm would probably come of your marrying your second cousin. As a *general rule*, it is better for persons who are not at all connected by consanguineous ties to intermarry with each other.

M. G.—We do not think it is proper for a man who is about to be divorced from his wife to begin to seek the society of a young lady with ulterior matrimonial views.

A. E. W.—You can get any numbers of our paper which you have lost, of us, or you can order them through any newsdealer. They are four cents apiece.

New Subscriber.—You should not call on your old beau, but there would be nothing improper in your letting him know of your visit to the city and where you stop.

An Old Subscriber.—It would make no difference which finger the ring presented to a young lady should fit. Send her the ring, and let her wear it as she may choose.

E. C., Medina, Michigan.—We cannot answer questions by letter. We have never before seen the verses you quote, in print or otherwise.

O. S. X.—This correspondent says he had an arrangement with the "idol of his heart" to attend her regularly to the sessions of a dancing school of some five or six weeks' duration; that on the second evening of the school, on going for her, he met her on the way to the hall in company with a gentleman, and gave as a reason therefor that she "had given him (our correspondent) up," as it was so late. But O. S. X. says it was *not* late—that, on the contrary, it was very early. He went along to the school, however, and made a very particular engagement with the young lady to call for her on the next evening, and take her to the school. When that evening arrived, he purposely omitted to call for "the idol of his heart," whereby she was left waiting at home hour after hour, and did not attend the school at all. And now O. S. X. asks us if he didn't do just right, and if the young lady has any just reason for being offended with him. She certainly has abundant cause for being not only offended with you but also for being disgusted at you. Your conduct was the quintessence of pettiness and meanness. You ought to be excluded from decent society until you shall have made due atonement for your outrageous behavior.

Sybilline.—You should not make such sport of your good-hearted beau, because of his bad orthography and the poor style of his letters. Many very intelligent men, who are really of superior ability, and can charm a social circle with their conversational powers, make a sorry fist at writing, simply because they have never been accustomed to write. One of the most eloquent lawyers this State has produced, who was for several years Attorney General, who never failed to electrify an audience, and was irresistible before a jury, could not write the most ordinary letter without great labor and vexation. You must be more charitable, therefore, in the case you have mentioned, and give due credit to unmistakably good qualities of mind and heart, although unaccompanied with accuracy in penmanship and correctness of orthography.

E. S. R.—You should give heed to the advice of your pious and amiable aunt, and turn a deaf ear to the specious sophistries and seductive representations of your rich and "accomplished" friends. Your aunt's anxiety and interference are justified by her great love for you, and the genuine excellence of her character. Young men often make the fatal mistake of supposing that their worldly interests will be best advanced by associating with, and following the example of, rich, wild and dissipated men, instead of by cultivating the friendship and winning the esteem of the aged, the industrious and the godly We would advise every young man who cares for worldly prosperity, to seek it through the paths of sobriety, morality and religion, and to choose for his most intimate companions those who spend neither time nor money in idle pursuits or useless pleasures.

Joroloman.—You seem inclined to judge your fellow-beings too harshly. Every homicide or man-killing is not a murder, nor is every wrongful act a crime. To constitute a murder, the killing must have been effected by a person "of sound memory and discretion;" it must have been *unlawful* killing; that which is deprived of life must have been "*a reasonable creature in being*," as the law defines it; and the killing must have proceeded from malice, expressly proved or such as the law will imply. Every one of these things must have existed in order to make out the crime of *murder*. By this you will perceive that there is room for much killing of men, without the pale of murder; yet it is a remarkable fact, that a *real murderer* is almost, if not quite, certain of having the crime fastened upon him, first or last.

Celtic Sailor.—You must patiently bide your time, and keep on studying. Save your money also, and by and by you can purchase an interest, even though a small one, in some vessel, and obtain an officer's berth in her—perhaps be elevated to her chief command. Your letter proves to us that you have energy and talent. Exercise them judiciously and you will certainly rise in your profession. You must cultivate your disposition, as well as your intellect. When on shore seek good associations, and employ your time in amassing all kinds of information which would be useful to you as the captain of a ship. The subscription price of the Ledger is $2 per annum; the postage on it to Ireland is $1,04 a year, making the total cost $3,04, payable in advance.

A Country News Agent.—You can buy the Ledger in small quantities from any wholesale dealer in this city, at 2 3-4 cents a copy. You can have them forwarded to your residence in Kentucky, or to any part of any other State, by mail, at a cost of half a cent a copy, so that you can procure your Ledgers and pay the postage at a total cost of 3 1-4 cents a copy. You should charge five cents for them when you have to pay half a cent for postage.

R. M. P.—The practice of tickling a person's nose or ears with a straw, brush, or feather, when reading or sleeping, or at any time, is a low kind of "fun," and those who indulge in it must expect to get into difficulty. You and the girl are equally to blame, and the efforts at reconciliation, if you desire to be reconciled to each other, should be mutual.

Etiquette.—As you are cognizant of the young man's excellence of character and the respectableness of his family, and have often met him, and know many of his friends, there would be no harm or impropriety in returning his bow or becoming acquainted with him without the formality of an introduction.

Young German.—In any place where the newsdealer, or newsdealers, charge over five cents a copy for the Ledger, we will take mail subcriptions. Ten cents a copy is an outrageous price. Four cents is the price in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities.

Thomas P.—General Scott was the highest in command in the Mexican war. He has been the Commander-in chief of the American army for many years. General Taylor, however, had an independent command during the war, and was supreme in his own army and camp.

M. E. P.—You must be your own judge as to whether or not you are in a condition to warrant you in getting married. If you permit yourself to be governed in such a matter by neighborhood talk, you are not qualified to take upon yourself the cares and responsibilities of married life.

Charleston.—When two gentlemen, who are walking together, meet a lady who is acquainted with only one of the gentlemen, if she bows to *him*, the other gentleman, with whom she is not acquainted, should bow to her in return as well as he to whom she bowed.

A Reader of the Ledger.—Should you enter the U. S. Navy, it would depend on your talents, merit, and political influence, as to whether or not you would ever be advanced to a high rank. Washington never had the title of marshall conferred upon him by the king of France.

Paul Jones.—Boys who enlist as common sailors in the United States Navy, do not get promoted to the quarter deck, nor do they enjoy any educational advantages. They remain common sailors to the end of their enlistment.

Pythagoras.—We have received about a hundred solutions of the "corn-hill problem" stated by "Haverhill" in the Ledger of Sept. 25th, all of which give the same result as yours, namely, 4165 hills.

H. H. H.—If you cannot get any trace of your uncle by writing to him, to friends and to postmasters, you had better try the virtue of advertising for him in such papers as you think he would be apt to see.

Albina.—As the young man's letter has become old, and as you have met him several times, and had several interviews with him since it was written, it would be awkward to answer it now. Let him write again.

Mariette.—The verses you have sent us as your own, are stolen out and out. The next time you make such an effort, be careful not to take so old and familiar a poem as "Mary, the Maid of the Inn."

Bashful Lover.—If you really love the young lady she will know it by instinct. Nevertheless, you must "declare yourself." You can do it by letter, or by word of mouth; but it must be done.

Skydazle.—You had better wait until your beard be grown before talking of marriage. The idea of a boy of fifteen and a girl of fourteen marrying, is too absurd for serious consideration.

Marian and Helen.—Young ladies should be exceedingly cautious about corresponding with men, and they should never do so without the knowledge and consent of their parents or guardians.

Brunswick.—We are much obliged for your information. We never heard of the imprisonment of the lady you mention. She never was "in prison" except as a visitor or sight-seer.

Anxiety.—In the Ledger of March 14th, 1857 you will find all the information concerning the appointment of cadets to the Military Academy at West Point, which can be obtained.

Bemis Hights.—You should of course marry the young lady. What she has done only shows her love for you and her faith in your honor. A man should always keep his word.

Joe.—You should wait until you know which of the girls you love best. Your vacillation proves that now you do not truly love either of them.

Annie P. M.—You are mistaken in regard to our having said in the Ledger that "we would pay good prices for short stories." We do not want any new contributors.

Mythology.—We do not remember that any of the fabled gods had a *lion skin* for a *coat of mail*. "Mail" must be of metal.

Sally.—If a lady wants a gentleman, of short or long acquaintance, to "call again," she should invite him to do so.

George C.—Corpulency is probably constitutional with you. If so, you cannot escape your fat fate.

E. J. W.—We are much obliged for your good opinion, but we do not want any new contributors.

Cyrus.—We never heard of any tribe of Indians that had beards.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*